NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VIII.---NO. 13. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1847. WHOLE NUMBER 377.

UBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY THE

AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters re ating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

R. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

The editor of the (Boston) Christian Register allows a correspondent in the following letter, to insult the good sense and good taste of its readers, and impeach the motives of some of the purest and most distinguished of the Unitarian Clergy, both at home and abroad, without a word of comment or objection:

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIGGS,

Sec. pro. tem. of the American Unitarian Association.

DEAR SIR:—I feel it to be my disagreeable but imperative duty, to address you on a very delicate and peculiar topic. My remarks will lead me to reflect with some severity on a class of gentlemen with whom we have hitherto condescended to be on amicable terms, and with whom we have interchanged or attempted to interchange, some friendly civilities. But courage is one of the virtues of an apostle, and I gird myself, and go on.

With regard to the atrocious iniquity of the present English Game-Laws, I presume there can be but one opinion. No man of any sense, or penetration, or refinement, or benevolence, can doubt that they are inhuman, oppressive, selfish, cruel to the last degree. In view of the totally unchristian nature, then, of that abominable system, and those barbarous statutes, so directly inconsistent with the Gospel and the religion and sentiments of the nineteenth century, how shall we explain the course taken by our dear brethren, the liberal ministers of Great Britain? Nothing can be plainer than that this matter wears a strictly religious aspect. Yet in what mournful apathy do we find these ministers of the Gospel, heralds of the truth, men who ought by their position and professions to be foremost in every cause of humanity—in what mournful and disgraceful apathy, I say, do we find them living in relation to it! It is perfectly true, many of them may entertain decidedly anti-game-law principles; they may bear their testimony against it in their private influence and conversation, and on a thousand occasions that we know nothing about. But what of all this? Ought this to satisfy our philanthropic tempers and ease our cultivated consciences? Are not our brethren evidently and shamefully false to their duty, in reference to this great, ancient, hereditary evil? this towering sin? this fatal institution? Where are their anti-game-law sermons? Do we receive earnest, open, fearless, pungent discourses from them, exposing the enormity of the savage institution? Do they employ their fervid eloquence in protesting against it and rebuking it? From side to side, and from end to end, of all that Island, what Unitarian pulpit has uttered itself on this forbidden topic? We, righteous souls, in this country can quote at least *some sermons* against almost every transgression of the moral law, but here is an overshadowing crime, sanctioned by Government, disguised as to its true character by custom and the example of the rich and favoured classes, perpetrated in the face of high heaven every day; and yet not a voice is lifted up in bold condemnation of game-preserving by any of the Unitarian clergy, *that we are aware of.* It is true it may have been done without our knowledge, but that is of no kind of consequence so long as the voice was not loud enough to reach across the Atlantic. I ask again, "How shall we account for this ominous and strange fact? this studious observance of the "*duty of silence?*" We are driven to the painful but inevitable and more Christian alternative of imputing to our brethren, base, cowardly, truckling and time-serving motives. We can know, of course, but little of the facts; still this is the more natural supposition, and we cheerfully adopt and express it. Those men are guilty of a villainous dereliction. "The Unitarian pulpits (of England,) have been disgraced and polluted by the presence in them of the defenders of "game-preserving.

Again, why is it that we hear nothing of the sin of game-preserving at the public meetings of the Unitarian brethren; at the British and Foreign Unitarian Society; at the "Breakfasts," "Tea-parties" and "Sunday-School Meetings," in various parts of the country? We do not learn that resolutions have ever been *introduced* upon this subject. What business have these gentlemen to come together and transact the particular business of their several bodies, and attend to the objects for which they were originally designed, such as the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity, while poachers are being shot and mutilated, and the starving are kept from bread and meat, by an unfeeling aristocracy? Sadly as we grieve to be under the necessity of doing it we must pronounce these pretended Christians to be guilty of prodigious unfaithfulness to a high and sacred trust, and of frightful insensibility to the sin lying at their very doors.

Nor should we be content if our brethren were to go only so far as to condemn game-preserving *in the abstract.* "The true friends of the (English poor) can no longer consent to treat game-preserving as an *abstraction;* they look upon it as a grievous cruelty and a positive sin; they regard the (game-preserver) and the supporters of the system, as *sinners:* and maintain that those only who thus view the matter can be considered as sincere in the desire to free their country from the guilt which now attaches to it."

What I would especially insist upon is, the rather startling proposition perhaps, that all the evils of game-preserving "owe their continuance to the religion of the country; that it is the respectability and support given by the ecclesiastical bodies of the land which supports the system. Even Bishops often" preserve game, "and all the important lay offices of the Church are filled by" game-preservers. Of course the greatest responsibility rests with the establishment and the Orthodox Dissenters, which are the most numerous; "but I regret to believe that the Unitarians, in proportion to their number, are almost as answerable as other sects, for the encouragement they afford to the continuance of" the iniquity.

Some persons may think it inconsistent that having "formerly desired to fraternize" with our brethren in England, we should now withhold our "sympathy." The answer is simple. We have now "more light." The Parliamentary Report, from a Committee of which Mr. Bright was Chairman, together with other things, have all at once set us thinking; and now we must make up for lost time by inconsiderate zeal and indiscriminate denunciation. The report tells us that in 1843 there were four thousand five hundred and twenty nine convictions, in England and Wales, for game-offences. And yet behold the apathy of the Unitarian pulpit! "It is now too late to expect that (English) Unitarian ministers visiting this country will altogether escape inquiry into their previous course on this question." It is thus that I would humbly propose to promote a delightful and improving state of feeling between the two countries, viz: by establishing a system of personal catechizing and espionage, respecting the opinions of individuals upon one and another moral question, and graduating our hospitality and civility according to the report we obtain from gossip, correspondence, and other sources.

If Dr. Hutton ever happens to sail this way, he must expect to be called upon to show "*in what way* he is helping on the cause" of the anti-game-law reform. If Mr. Montgomery, or Mr. Tagart, or Mr. Madge, should ever visit these shores, they may rely on it, we shall require recommendations and vouchers; we shall ask for a list of the subjects of all their sermons, and reports of their conversation, and accounts of all they have ever done and have not done; and if their conduct and preaching should not square precisely with our notions of the genuine anti-game-law doctrine, and policy, then,—portentous sentence! horrific and distressing penalty!—"a cordial welcome would not be generally extended to them; they would not receive unanimous invitations to the pulpits of our ministers; and in our social circles, they would be held in diminished estimation." So precisely of Mr. J. B. Estlin, and Mr. Haughton.

I have taken the liberty to write you on this important matter, because it is best to be prepared for great emergencies; and it is more than probable that it will come up at all future meetings of our Association; that with our "increasing insight into the character and supports of" game-preserving, it will not be strange if members of our body introduce the topic on the most inopportune occasions, and if they refuse to "allow it to be passed over unnoticed, in any future intercourse we may officially hold with the (British and Foreign) Unitarian Association." I hope that "many in our ranks will be on the watch, that while cherishing our Unitarianism, we are not forgetful of our Christianity."

What I would beg leave respectfully to propose is:—

1. That we effectually humble, overpower, and crush our English brethren, by refusing to treat the sinners with hospitality, unless their views correspond with our own, and the more successfully to accomplish this, that we pass a vote in our Association, providing that every English Unitarian minister who has the impertinence to enter Boston harbour uninvited, shall be required to stand in the Custom House till he can be inspected and interrogated by a Committee appointed for the purpose; and in case he does not pass the examination, that he be held in quarantine off Rainsford Island, till he affords evidence of conversion to our opinion as to the measures to be pursued.

2. That we issue letters, with signatures, to our brethren in England and Ireland, in which we take it for granted that we understand their position and duties a great deal better than they do themselves; *imply* that they are under the influence of a time-serving spirit, and a desire to be popular with the wealthy and game-preserving classes, and tell them they are not more than half as far advanced as we are in the way of charity, love, and truth.

3. That we accuse those that do not promptly answer such communications, of indecent neglect and a love of sin, without inquiring into the cause of the delay; and charge those who do not sign the answers at all, with being under the bondage of Satan, and haters of their kind.

Hoping that you will forward these liberal measures,

I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

A PHILANTHROPIST.

The Pittsburg Gazette is a credit to its connections. It is now edited by one Erastus Brooks, a graduate from an office in this city, which has in its goodly company one slaveholder, and one apostate to the Anti-Slavery cause—that of the N.Y. Express. We copy this from it:

ULTRA ABOLITIONISTS.

Garrison and Douglass have left the city for the West, via Beaver. We have given both of these ultra Abolitionists a hearing in our columns, not from any coincidence of sentiment with them, but from a disposition to give them a hearing, to enable the public to judge of the men by the creeds they publish. We think, too, that the bane and the antidote go together. Men who rail at the Union, and who, like the youth who fired the Ephesian temple, are ambitious to pull it down, for the immortality it may give them—who exhaust the billingsgate vocabulary in decrying Christian churches and the ministry,—who are as intolerant and bigoted as they are revengeful, and impracticable,—can never do much harm. We would give all such full swing to think, say, and do just what it pleaseth them, so long as they violate no law. Our only regret is, that the free coloured people give countenance to such men at all, since they do but forge the chains of those whom they would set free. The great cause of human liberty has been kept back years and years by their conduct, and by the corresponding action,—though at the other extreme of opinion,—of the ultra school of pro-slavery men. The McDuffie, Calhoun, and Hamilton fanatics at the South, and the Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Douglass fanatics at the North, are equally dangerous men. Both parties are practically for dissolving the Union,—the one, if you but pause to consider the institution of Slavery, or forbid its extension,—and the other, if you do not destroy the Union to get rid of a great evil within it, over which, when it is in the States, you have no control, and for which you are not responsible. We have no sympathy with either of those parties, and we hold them both alike responsible for the war with Mexico, as we shall for the extension of Slavery, if unfortunately it shall be extended, in consequence of the war. The Abolitionists threw away their votes upon James G. Birney, in 1844, and secured the election of James K. Polk, who consummated the annexation of Texas, and brought on the war with Mexico. However well they meant for freedom, and however ill to Slavery, which, with them, we regard as a great private wrong, and a great public evil, we cannot but think they are justly to be held accountable for a calamity to which they so largely contributed.—Nor do we believe this class of men are at all hastening the day, so much to be desired by all good men, when there shall be an eternal separation between Slavery and a free Government like this.—There must be much more forbearance, much more charity, much more respect for laws and constitutions, a kindlier, and a more Christian spirit before the heart of the slaveholder is touched. Though a slaveholder, he is a man,—a man with human sympathies, human kindness, warm and generous affections. We speak now of men,—not monsters in human shape,—and such men, though educated in a bad school, are as likely to retrace their steps from evil to good, as we are, when drawn from error to truth by the same appeals. The time will come when in all this good land of ours, God will undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, but He who reigns above, does not rule by violence, by passion, by prejudice, or by hate. Love is his law, and it is more powerful than an army with banners.

THE COLUMBIAN COLLEGE.

The following we find in the Christian Contributor—an Anti-Slavery paper—copied from some Southern paper:

The Abolitionists are again out, it seems, against the Columbian College—and also against Waterville. Our readers have been apprised that a young man of the name of Arnold was expelled some time since, by the Faculty of the Columbian College, for having been convicted of tampering with a slave. After having been trumpeted and toasted by the abolition prints of the land, for this interference in what did not concern him, this same Arnold applied to Waterville College for admission into that institution.—The Faculty of Waterville, having made due inquiry into the facts of the case, refused to admit the applicant. This act of manly independence, has drawn out against the latter College, the same clamour from the abolition press, which was raised but the other day against the Columbian College. It is no go, however. Public opinion is likely to get right on this subject. Intelligent and independent men will think for themselves, and the man, Arnold, will most probably be placed where he belongs. We find an able and conclusive article on the subject, in the Christian Watchman, from which we have been tempted to transfer the following extract:

"Scarcely, however, was he on the premises before he began to tamper with the slaves. At length he is found holding secret conferences with them, and giving them money to a somewhat large amount. Whether this money was furnished him by his friends, for his College expenses, or whether furnished by others for the purpose to which he applied it, we know not; but it is certain that to one slave he gave about fifteen dollars. What he gave, or intended to give others, we are not informed. This course was soon detected, and there arose in the district an indignation, so sudden and fierce, that it was not safe for him to remain a day. Even the College premises were in danger if he should be found on them. Under these circumstances he was advised to leave the district for his own personal safety.—The public fully believed, and believe still, that his intention was to aid the slave in running away—a course to which he was excited by Arnold's own suggestions. And had not the public reason to think so? A slave is made discontented by repeated conferences with a student fresh from the ultra Abolitionists at the North. He is furnished with a large sum of money. He is absenting himself from the premises when discovered. But Arnold says that this slave, by some *means* had heard that he was entitled to freedom by coming from Virginia into the District of Columbia, and he wished to ask the opinion of a lawyer. For this purpose he gave him the money. Would the public believe this story?—There are several improbabilities on the face of it. First, could not the lawyer's opinion be obtained without an advance fee of fifteen dollars? Second, would a slave be sent to confer with a lawyer upon such a point? Third, could not Arnold have asked the question of some lawyer himself? He appears to us to lack good common sense; to be one of those young men who knows nothing of the proprieties of time and place, and who is destined to meet with thousands of difficulties before he comes to his grave.

"The conduct of Waterville College, in this affair, has been just, high-minded, and praise-worthy. How do they know but there may be something in the laws or customs of the State of Maine, to which this student might object, and which would lead him into secret plots to their injury? He has injured one institution and one Faculty, to the extent of his power, and why may he not another?"

Selections.

Fugitives return to the South, sometimes because they are lazy, and worthless, and hope by a great show of contrition to win the favour of a master,—sometimes because they find it too hard to break the bonds that bind them to their kindred, and sometimes because they can only return as slaves, and do so, that they may aid in the escape of others. For the "nut" of the (Columbia) South Carolinian, we give it another for its own cracking from the New Orleans Delta, with the assurance at the same time, that six fugitives have passed through this city within three days whom we will warrant against all return:

A NUT FOR NORTHERN FANATICS TO CRACK. PETER POOLE'S RETURN TO SLAVERY.

Last week, we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. W. C. Bennett, of Spartanburgh, (S. C.) who was returning from the North, and had under his protection, Peter Poole, a negro man, who voluntarily returned to slavery, rather than *enjoy* freedom in New-York. Peter Poole was a blacksmith, who was owned by our friend, the Hon. H. H. Thompson, Senator from Spartanburgh; and having been faithful, and earned for his master a large sum of money, he was by his liberality only nominally a slave, and Colonel Thompson paid him large wages. Under the laws of South Carolina, he could not manumit him, and as he might have fallen into the hands of a less liberal master, in the event of Col. Thompson's death, he gave Peter permission to depart for a "Free State," and furnished him with proper papers to go wherever he chose. Some time last year, he proceeded to Charleston, but could not get a passage in any ship to New-York, although he was vouched for by Mr. Bomar, who resides in that city, and who knew all the circumstances connected with his leaving. Mr. Bomar wrote to Colonel Thompson, who promptly forwarded to him a proper power of attorney, by which he cleared him at the Custom House, and he found easy transit to New-York. Peter had several hundred dollars, the fruits of his industry here, which, after his arrival in New-York, he deposited with Mr. Kelsey, a broker in Wall street. He set about procuring work at his trade, which he found difficulty in getting. He was immediately taken in hand by the Abolitionists, who promised him to buy his wife and child, *who remained here.* They frequently urged him to proceed to Canada, stating they would send his wife on after him. He waited patiently, listening to their promises, and losing daily by lack of work, low wages, and high board, until patience itself was exhausted. In his own words, "They were the best hands at talking I ever heard." Mr. Kelsey was his good friend, and at last gaining confidence in Peter, proposed to give two hundred dollars towards the purchase of his wife, provided the Abolitionists, who had volunteered to do so, would make up the balance required; and in order to test their sincerity, went round with him to see what they intended to do. They, however, declined, and gave as an excuse, "*that it was against their creed to purchase human flesh.*" Even charity, and their boasted principles of humanity, could not induce them to depart from their principles, although they had promised this honest negro to redeem his wife from Slavery!!!

Peter then decided to return home, and risk the inevitable consequences of being made a slave again.

The Abolitionists endeavoured to dissuade him from this, as they said "*it would be against their cause,*" and he believes they would not have allowed him to depart, if he had not kept his further intentions secret. This he did, and meeting with Dr. Bennett, desired to return home under his protection. Dr. Bennett informed him of all the consequences, and put him in possession of all the information in his power, at the same time warning him that he would become a slave the moment he reached South Carolina. With this knowledge, he determined to return, and reached here last week, on his way to his master. He says: "He was a slave thirty-four years, and a freeman one, and decides in favour of Slavery, in South Carolina." He also says: "He could not make a support for himself and wife in New-York, and could not enjoy life as well there a freeman, as here a slave." "That he was in a hurry to get off home, for fear he would become as degraded as the free negroes of the North;" who, he says, "resort to roguery and drinking, when they are out of employment." It is his opinion "that a slave in any situation here, is better off, and has cause to be happier, than a free negro, in a free State;" and says "that not only the free negroes in the vicinity of New-York, but thousands of whites are worse off than the slaves of South Carolina. He worked in the village of Islip, in which he said, "there lived about two hundred free negroes. Out of this number, there are few who are able to earn a decent support, but are a poverty-stricken and roguish set." Such is the character of most of the free negroes of the North. We have no comments to make. These statements are taken down from the lips of an honest and unsophisticated man, whose testimony we give for the benefit of our slaves at home, and the fanatics abroad.

From the New Orleans Delta.

ANOTHER "DOUGLASS" IN THE FIELD.

The individual who dictated the following letter, is the slave of Mr. J. M. Davis, of this city. He managed, about nine months since, to smuggle himself away, aided, no doubt, by emissaries of the Abolitionists, and to reach Detroit, the grand encampment of runaway slaves. The cool impudence of the letter exceeds anything we have witnessed. Culbert, it seems, is now in Boston, luxuriating as a servant in the Adams House, whence he sent his master *its bill of fare.* Now, we have a word to say. This same Culbert was ever treated with the utmost kindness by his master. He was a sort of exhorter at religious meetings, and he never had the slightest grounds for complaint of anything like ill treatment. He has left a good home, however, and now glories in his freedom. If he knew as much of Northern Abolitionists as we do, he would retrace his steps at once. After a brief season of flattery, and exhibition at public meetings, he will be turned over to the cold, unfeeling charities of a heartless set of agitators, who, for a mere abstraction, would break up the Union, and deluge the country, in blood. However, Culbert is in the city of notions and *isms,* and we commend him, not to the good graces of Garrison, Phillips, Mrs. Chapman, and others, of the *dissolution* school, but to Sumner, Howe, Parker, and others, of the new "Quarterly." We call upon these last to open their purses, and make another *Douglass* of this Culbert. Let them send him to Europe, have him introduced to the nobility of England, and give him a grand reception in the Belknap-street Church, Boston, on his return. Having done everything to corrupt his morals, let them, as they will, turn him adrift, and recommend him as an "excellent boot-black;" avoiding all recognition of him in any public place. He will exist in honesty for a time, but, sooner or later, he will be "up before" the police court, where, as to be black is conclusive of guilt, he will be "sent down" for six months, to break granite or pick oakum, having a solitary cell at night, in which to contrast his then condition with that of nominal slavery, but real freedom he lived in under a kind and confiding master. But to the letter. It is directed to "Mr. J. M. Davis, Esq. Hewlett's Hotel, corner of Camp and Common streets, New Orleans, La."

BOSTON, July 19, 1847.

My Dear Sir,—In haste I address you at this time—my health is very much improved, although I cannot say that I am well, and feel truly to thank God for the measures of health I do enjoy, especially attended as it is by the blessings of Liberty. I have travelled a great way since we parted, but it was necessary for me to do so for my health, which you know was not good, and I enclose you one of our bills of fare. I am in one of the first houses in Boston—help in the dining room, all coloured, and the head waiter is now writing these lines to you for me. I hope you will not blame any one for helping me away from New Orleans, for no one knew of my coming but me and God. As for my wife, it is a mere matter of moonshine about her, for there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, and God knows that there are women enough here, and young ones at that; so I am not alarmed about a wife. I have found a great many friends since I came on here, and am doing first rate, and if you should come to Boston, I should be very happy to have the pleasure of waiting upon you—and no doubt you will be well pleased, for the great aim of every one, from the least to the greatest, is to give satisfaction to all that may patronize the house. But as time presses I must close—yet I cannot omit this. Since I came on here in Boston, they—that is, I mean the Abolitionists—both white and coloured, have called upon me, to speak for them, and at one meeting there were upwards of two thousand persons; and afterwards we had a breakfast, and at that we had about seven hundred persons. So you may judge of my feelings—first to be free, and then to be placed with gentlemen and ladies, upon the same footing, and made to feel at home, enjoying all the blessings which it was designed by the great author of our being that all mankind should enjoy. I must say, I could hardly realize the thing to myself—but there is no doubt it is a fact—I am free, and God knows it, and I thank him for it. The letter that Mr. Cumming wrote you, about bringing me to Cincinnati, was to find out whether I was a runaway or not, for they think me too bright to be a runaway; so you need not give yourself an uneasiness about that. Trusting that God in his own good time will call and awaken you, I subscribe myself with respect,

ALBERT CULBERT.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

It gives us great pleasure to introduce to our readers once more our worthy friend, Hosea Biglow, from somewhere "Down East." The letter from his friend Sawin, is certainly the most valuable document we have yet received from the seat of war, and the running commentary of Hosea enhances its value:

From the Boston Courier.

LETTER FROM A VOLUNTEER IN SALTILLO.

Mister Buckinum the follerin' Billet was writ hum by a Yung, feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuf to goe atrottin' inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o'any bizzness that He went inter off his own free will and a Cord but I rather calklate he's middlin' tired o' voluntearin' By this Time. I bleeve you may put dependunts on his statemence. For i never heered nothin' bad on him let Alone his havin' what Parson Wilbur cals a pongshong for cocktales, and he ses it was a sociashun of idees sot him agoin' arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale onter His Hatt.

his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter to Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with Him, ses he, but by Time, ses he, I *do* like a feller that ain't a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few reflecksbuns hear and thair. We're kinder prest with Hayin'

Ewers respecfly

HOSEA BIGLOW.

This kind o' sogerin' ain't a mite like our October trainin',
Where a chap could clear right out ef it only looked like rainin',
Where the Cunnles used to kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,
And send the insines skootin' off to the barroom with their banners,
(Fear o' gittin on 'em spotted,) and a fellow could cry quarter
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter too much rum and water.
Recollect what fun we had, you 'n I and Ezry Hollis,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, ahavin' the Cornwallis?

[i hait the Site of a feller with a muskit as i du pisn But there *is* fun to a cornwallis I aint agoin to deny It. H. B.]

This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like that—I wish that I was furder—

[he meens Not quite so fur i gess. H. B.]

Nimepunce a day for killin' folks comes kind o' low for murder,
(Why I've worked out to slaughterin' some for deacon Cephas Billins
And in the hardest times there was I ollers tetched ten shillins,)
There's somethin' gits into my throat that makes it hard to swaller,
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;
It's glory—but, in spite of all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart a ridin' to the gallows.

[thatere 's wot I cal nateral paythos, its tetchin. H. B.]

But when it comes to *bein'* killed—I tell yer I felt streaked
The fust time ever I found out why baggonets was peaked;
Here's how it was: I started out to go to a fandango,
The sentinel he ups and says "that's furder than you can go;"
"None o' your sarse," ses I; ses he "Stand back!" "Ain't you a buster?"
Ses I, "I'm up to all that 'ere, I guess I've been to muster;
I know why sentinels are sot; you ain't agoin' to eat us;
Caleb hain't no monopoly to court the seenoreetas;
My folks to home are full as good as hisn be, by golly!"
And so as I was goin' by not thinkin' what would folly
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one pronged pitchfork in me
And made a hole right thru my close as ef I was an in-'my.

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in old Funnel
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our leftenant Cunnle,
(It's Mister secondary Bolles—

[the ignerant creeter means Sekketary! but he ollers stuck to his books like kobbler's whacks to an ile-stone. H. B.]

—that writ the price peace essay,
That's why he didn't list himself along o' us, I dessay,
And Rantoul, too, talked pooty loud, but don't put *his* foot in it
Cos human life's so sacred that he's principled agin' it,
(Though I myself can't rightly see it's any worse achokin' on 'em
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights or with a bagnet pokin' on em,)
How dreffel slick he reeled it off (like Blitz at our lyceum
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeercely see 'em,)
About the Anglo-Saxon race (and saxons would be handy
To do the berryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy)
About our patriotic pas and our star-spangled banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on and singin' out hosanner,
And how he (Mister B. himself) was happy for Ameriky,—
I felt, as sister Patience ses, a leetle mite histericky,
I felt, I swon, as though it was a dreffel kind o' privilege
Atrampin' round thru Bosting streets among the gutter's drivelage,
I act'lly thought it was a treat to hear a leetle drummin',
And it did bonyfidy seem Millanyum was comin'
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the state prison)
And every feller felt as though all Mexico was hisn.

[it must be aloud that thare is a streak o' nater in lovin, sho. but it sartnly is 1 of the curusest things in nater to c a rispeckedable dri goods deeler (deekon off a church mayby) a riggin' himself out in the Weigh they du and struttin' round in the Reign aspilin' his trowsis and makin' wet goods of himself. Ef anythin' is foolisher and more dickilus than militerry gloary it is milishy gloary. H. B.]

This 'ere's about the meanest place a skunk could well diskiver,
Saltillo's Mexican, I believe, for wot we call Saltriver)
The sort o' trash a feller gets to eat does beat all nater.
I'd give a year's pay for a smell of one good bluenose tater;

[i *hed* insutted here an S. A. on the coulter of the tater, but parson W. advised agin leavin on it In. i would jist remark that taters are lookin' well hour way. H. B.]

The country here that Mister Bolles declar'd to be so charmin',
Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kinds o' varmin',
He talked about delishis froots, but then it was a whopper all,
The whole on't's mud and prickly pears, with here and there a chapparal:
You see a feller peekin' out, and, first you know, a lariat
Is round your throat and you a copse, 'fore you can say, "Wat are ye at?"

[these fellers air very proppilly called Rank Heroes, and the moar tha kil the wranker and moor Herowick tha beckum. H. B.]

You never see sich darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant,
To say I've seen a *scarabaeus pilularius* as big as a year old elephant,)

[it was "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten instid. i sed tother maid better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated peepl to Bosting and tha would n't stan' it no now. idno as tha *wood* and idno *as* tha wood 'nt. H. B.]

The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright—'t was jest a common *cimex lectularius.*

One night I started up an eend, and thought I was to hum agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the fisherman has come agin,
His bellowses is sound enough—as I'm a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg—'twas nothin' more'n a skeeter!
Then there's the yaller fever, tu, they call it here el vomito,
(Come, that wun't du, you landcrab there I tell ye to let go my toe?
My gracious! it's a scorpion that's took a shine to play with it,
I'm 'fraid to skeer the tarnal thing for fear he'd run away with it.)

Afore I come away from home I had a strong persuasion
That Mexicans worn't human beans—

[he means hewman beins, that's wot he meens. i spose he kinder thought tha was hueman beans ware the Xisle Poles comes from. H. B.]

—an ourang outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill and never dream on't arter;
No more'n a feller'd dream o' pigs that he had had to slarter;
I'd an idee that they were built arter the darkie fashion all,
And kickin' colored folks about you know 'is a kind o' national;
But when I jined I worn't so wise as that 'ere queen o' Sheby,
For, come to look at 'em, the ain't much diff'rent from wot we be,
And here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' their own dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, as Caleb ses, under our eagle's pinions,
Wich means to take a feller up jist by the slack of 's trowsis
And walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes and houses;
Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then hooraw for Jackson!
It must be right, for Caleb ses it's reg'lar Anglesaxon.

The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they pison all the water,
And do amazin' lots o' things that isn't what they oughter,
Not havin' any lead they make their bullets out o' copper
And shoot the darnd things at us, tu, which Caleb ses ain't proper;
He ses they'd ought to stan' right up and let us pop 'em fairly,
(Guess when he ketches 'em at that he'll have to git up airly,)
That our Nation's bigger 'n theirn and so its rights are bigger,
And that it's all to make 'em free that we are pullin' trigger,
That Anglo Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
And that idee's that every man does jest what he damn pleases;
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear perhaps in some respeck I can,
I know that "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican.

This goin' where glory waits ye, hain't one agreeable feetur,
An' ef it worn't for wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;
O, would n't I be off, quick time, ef 'twar n't that I was sartin
They'd let the day light into me to pay me for desartin!
I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may state
Our ossifers ain't wot they wuz before we left the Baystate;
When it was "Mister Sawin, Sir, you're middlin' well now, be ye?
Step up an' take a nipper, Sir, I'm dreffle glad to see ye;"
But now it's "Where's my eppylet? here, Sawin step and fetch it!
And mind your eyes, be thund'rin' spry, or d—n ye, you shall ketch it!"
Wal, as the Doctor ses, some pork will bile so, but by mighty
Ef I had some on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkum vity,
I'd play the rogue's march on their hides and other music follerin',—
But I must close my letter here for one on 'em's ablerin',
These Anglosaxon ossifers—wal, tain't no use a jawin',
I'm safe enlisted for the war,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

The remarks of the editor of the Gazette on this report, we give in the pro-slavery column.

The Abolitionists held a meeting in the Mansion House grove, back of Penn street, on Wednesday.—After the people had gathered in the morning, it was announced from the stand, that it was customary to open public meetings having for their object the melioration of mankind with prayer. It was said that their platform was based upon free discussions; that any person who felt so disposed could occupy it for the purpose of advocating or refuting the propositions set forth by the friends of the slave, and if there was any one present who felt disposed to address a Throne of Grace, he might come upon the stand and do so.

A clergyman by the name of Wells, asked if there was a Bible present, and after one had been procured, read a chapter, and commenced prayer, but was frequently interrupted by the audience, on account of language used by him in his petition, which implied that many of those assembled were infidels.

Mr. Avery, a theological student, then mounted the rostrum, and after having been frequently interrupted, while replying to Mr. Foster, who had previously spoken, finally closed by moving that the reverend gentleman be permitted to explain himself to the audience.

Messrs. Garrison, Douglass, Delany, and Foster, resisted the motion, on the ground that it would be tying up the hands of that assembly, and compelling them to listen to a dissertation foreign to the purposes of the meeting. True, the meeting was based upon the liberty of speech, but it was called for Anti-Slavery discussions. If any man wished to controvert positions taken by the opponents of Slavery, they were welcome, but if they merely wished to occupy time in discussing the most approved method of raising potatoes, he could not expect the audience to listen with much patience.—Mr. Garrison thought the reverend gentleman insane, and, therefore, regretted the time lost by his excellent friend, Mr. Foster, in explanations and comments upon the prayer. He said it reminded him very much of an anecdote he had heard his friend, the late Daniel O'Connell, relate of a Connaught man, who loaded his gun, and went out to shoot nothing, "and troth he had hit it," but it was nothing still, "divil the bit he could find it."

The resolution failed, and Mr. Douglass was called on to address the meeting. He said he would not address them at that time. He was not fond of speaking, when the author and founder of the present system of Anti-Slavery, and who was so much better qualified than himself to advocate it, was present. He desired to talk when there was no other person to talk, and his friend had done him wrong in saying that he was the most able man for the times. [Here Mr. Garrison interrupted the speaker, and said, he had said "Mr. Douglass was *the man of men* for that occasion and subject."] Mr. Douglass spoke eloquently for a few minutes, in justification of charges made on the evening previous against churches, for their lack of the principles of "peace and good will to men," and that he was there to support every word he had said or written in reference to slaveholders. If persons had been sold, as he had been, from the public auction block, and held in bondage, as he had been, they would not think the epithets which they applied to the community and the churches tolerating and upholding the system of Slavery, were too harsh. The name of *slaveholder* his friends had urged him to use—it was more polite, and expressed all he could wish to convey, when speaking of the sin of Slavery. It was, he said, a very polite term, the very thing in this community to make a man honourable,—the President of the United States was a *slaveholder,* John Tyler was a *slaveholder,* General Harrison was born in a *slave State,* General Taylor was a *slaveholder;* the term was an "*honourable,*" one, truly. But for his part, he liked to talk about plain truths, in the old fashioned way, and tell this people in plain terms the sins which lay at their door, in keeping three millions of people in bondage. He wished the principles of the Declaration of Independence instilled into the minds of this generation, and as fast as men became willing "to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them," he would hail them into the ranks of Christians.—He repelled the charge of Infidelity, and said he was not only a firm believer in Christianity, but of the truths of Scripture.

On motion, the meeting adjourned until two o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Mr. Douglass said that it was the Northern States which upheld the institution of Slavery—that their influence was brought to bear against the slave, and it was this which kept them in subjection. He had thought once, before peace principles triumphed in his breast, of using force—of inciting his coloured brethren to insurrection, and obtaining their freedom by force of arms; but when he considered that, if they were ever successful in mastering the slaveholder, there were thousands in the North bound by the Constitution of the United States, to assist their Southern brethren, he was forced to give up the idea. The national compact compelled the surrender of the slave to his master: it prevented people from harbouring or giving food to the fugitive, although in a starving condition, directly in violation of scriptural precepts—so that we had the divine law commanding us "to feed the hungry and clothe the naked," arrayed on the one hand, and the Constitution of the United States on the other, in juxtaposition. He referred to other matters to prove the Constitution a pro-slavery document; and asked how men could swear to support it, who believed the relation of master and slave sinful in itself? If people could not conscientiously exercise an office, the qualification to which exacted from them an oath to support such a Constitution, they should say so—they should refuse to exercise office, vote for others, or countenance such institutions and laws—but should declare publicly, decisively, and immediately, that they could neither vote for, or accept office. They should withdraw from the Government.

If the North should withdraw its countenance and aid from the South, Slavery could not exist. The bloody tragedy of St. Domingo would be re-enacted, if the slaveholders did not emancipate their slaves. The Government had a downward tendency from the days of Washington—downward, downward, downward, to James K. Polk.

We have added to the Union Louisiana, to strengthen Slavery; Florida, to strengthen Slavery—Arkansas, to strengthen Slavery—State after State had been added for this purpose. Texas was annexed to uphold this "peculiar institution." And we have now an accursed war inflicted upon us in support of Slavery. The President, he was sorry to say, exercised more despotism than the Autocrat of Russia—more than the Queen of England does exercise. It would cost her, not only her glittering diadem, but the head which supported it. No monarch in that Government had exercised the veto for better than one hundred years, nor had they declared war without consulting Parliament. We boast of our free institutions, and three millions of human beings are groaning under the lash of Slavery—we were retrograding, while England and Ireland were advancing in the scale of liberty. Under such men as Thompson, Wilberforce, Cobden, Bright, and O'Connell, those countries had advanced high in the march of freedom and equal rights. He referred to the abolition of her corn laws, among other matters, and asked where were the laws of the United States, on any subject, which could compare with those to which he alluded? Why, your greatest boast is that you belong to a party—your candidates for office are fixed by King Caucus, who receives his cue from higher authority, and boasting of your freedom of elections, you march to the ballot-box, and vote for the *candidates* you are bidden to. He wished people to *cut loose* from this system of tyranny, and carry out the principles of the Declaration of Independence, "that all men were created free and equal," and should be treated in accordance with that precept. He hoped to see the day when there would be no "*Jim-Crow*" seats in churches, steamboats, railroad cars, at public tables, &c.; but when "peace on earth, and good-will to man" should prevail. He was opposed to all churches, and clergymen, who could excuse or tolerate Slavery, and commune with slaveholders. They gave the lie to their profession, were hypocrites, deceivers, wicked men.

Mr. Garrison said that he was six hundred miles from his place of residence, yet he felt at home among us, as he was still in the family—all men were his brothers. His general positions were the same as those advanced by Mr. Douglass. He went into the history of the Anti-Slavery party in the North, anathematized the Colonization project, and said he had commenced a seven by nine paper called the "Liberator," unaided, unknown, and without influence. It was the first paper to hoist the flag of immediate, and unconditional emancipation. It was now a large paper, with many subscribers, and it had many co-operators in different sections of the Union. The first meeting held was in a small school-house belonging to coloured people; the whole number present was but twelve persons; now they had many societies, and could get large audiences all over

the land. People used to say, the first thing after being spoken to on the subject of Slavery, "Oh, I am no Abolitionist"—now they say, "I am a better Anti-Slavery man than you are." He referred to the blustering of slaveholders in Congress formerly, when the subject of Slavery was introduced—how they threatened to dissolve the Union upon every pretext—the reprimand, and discharge of Joshua R. Giddings—his triumphant re-election, and the great change in the department of Southern members, on the subject of Slavery. Mr. Giddings can now talk as long as he pleases on the subject of the rights of man, without threats of dissolution.—The South were beginning to be afraid they would be taken at their word. Anti-Slavery principles were advancing rapidly, and although new States were being annexed, it must not necessarily be inferred that the slave-power was increasing—they were pushing further off, crowding off, closely followed by Anti-Slavery men. He alluded to a celebrated Southern clergyman, who, he said, was honest in his arguments, however false his theology. He said if the relation of master and slave was wrong, *per se*, the Garrison school were correct. Southern men understood the movement, and thought them more consistent than the Northern doughfaces, who say Slavery is sinful, and yet support the Constitution and law which uphold it.

Mr. Garrison also denounced the Government of the United States, and all churches and church members, who would not come out, and take decided ground against Slavery.

After singing one or two Anti-Slavery songs, the meeting adjourned to meet at half-past seven o'clock, in Temperance Hall.

Evening Session.—Mr. Douglass addressed the audience to a late hour, and related many incidents connected with his history, travels in England, Ireland, Scotland, and France; interviews with distinguished individuals there, members of Parliament, and others—visited all their public places by request—then contrasted his bad treatment at home, and particularly while on his way to Pittsburg, with that received while abroad; and spoke of his hope that Anti-Slavery sentiments would grow here as they had in the East. He spoke of the European blood that now flowed in the veins of two-thirds of the coloured race, and of the difficulty he had to discover persons of pure African blood in his large audience to-day.

His audience last night was immense, and everything passed off in an orderly manner.

The Christian World has an excellent article on Dr. Dewey's letter. We copy a portion of it:

* * * * * * *

In the first place, we are not struck with the soundness of the remark, that because the circulation of abolition papers is limited to those who compose that party, it is but of little moment, comparatively, what they set forth. Now if this reason holds good at all, it covers the whole ground, and renders the publication of the letter wholly unnecessary. Because it is owing to the same presses, that the English complaints have reached the public, as well as those garbled statements of the Washington sermons. We deny, then, as a matter of fact, that anti-slavery papers are limited in their circulation, as set forth by Dr. Dewey. We think he must be wholly unaware of the vast power which these papers exert upon the public mind, not only at the North, but also among the slave States. If he is so short-sighted as to judge from reading the Anti-Slavery Standard, Liberator, and Emancipator, that he has seen all the channels through which anti-slavery sentiments reach the public eye, it is the duty of his friends to enlarge his field of vision, and to show him that, instead of two or three presses being engaged in this great philanthropy, there are hundreds upon hundreds constantly making proclamation of the same sentiments; and are exerting an influence more widely in furtherance of its ends, than efforts for good in all other directions. It is wholly owing to these engines, that the light has been poured upon this field of human duty; it is owing to them that so many minds and hearts have been urged to do and to suffer in this behalf; and to them is Dr. Dewey indebted for all that he knows of the horrors of the slave system. And were it otherwise, as Dr. Dewey supposes, it affords no ground for his long silence; because he is bound to take the trouble of displacing error and establishing truth, if only one mind can be affected thereby.

In the second place, a mere literal statement that Christ and the Evangelists never spoke of abolitionism, teetotalism, nor of anti-government radicalism, as understood at the present day, was not in itself so offensive; but to stand up in the midst of a pro-slavery community, a community dealing in slaves as chattels of trade, in the midst of a drinking community, too, and talk after such a fashion, was utterly foolish, if not utterly wrong. Such an audience had no need of having the flattering unction laid to their souls, that they were guiltless in the sight of God; their minds were already preoccupied and established upon the pro-slavery foundation, and needed no foreign nor Northern props. Besides, there was wanting a true moral courage in such utterances; as the words, to say the least, under the circumstances in which they were delivered, went to confirm the slaveholder in his sinfulness, and to rivet tighter the chain upon the neck of suffering humanity. We wonder how Dr. D. could have talked so if he thought a moment upon the fact, that the slave power has forbiden some of his best friends from entering the slave States, and that Dr. Channing, if alive, would have to be included in the number. There was a lightness and irrelevancy, too, in the words spoken, which can never be explained away, for Dr. Dewey is well informed concerning those everlasting principles laid down by Jesus, upon which anti-slavery, teetotalism, and every philanthropic work rests,—whether the names of these charities are mentioned or not.

* * * * * * *

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.—It has often been stated in the public prints, that the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, having been born of a slave mother, in Virginia, was seized and sold, as if she had been a cow or a horse, by some soulless creditor, since his death, having been taken from that State which is the "mother of Presidents" and slaves! Last Court week, at the Inn of Wm. M'Chackin in this place, we saw and conversed with a very respectable gentleman the brother-in-law of the Baptist minister mentioned below, and who now resides in Susquehanna county, Pa. This Miss Jefferson, he says, is a pretty, yellow-skinned girl, about forty years old, and a first rate seamstress, educated, intelligent, moral, and of an excellent character, although still a slave to a Baptist widow, a professed Christian, having cost one thousand dollars, and is very profitable money-stock in the hands of this mother in Israel! The reason of her being profitable stock is, because she has an immortal soul in her clay body; for no flesh would be so valuable, but a slave only; the best "blood of the Democratic Virginia" chieftain runs in Miss Jefferson's veins. "Avaunt thou foul fiends!" yclept Democrats and Whigs, and go, redeem that venerable old maid, the princess, the Democratic king's daughter, from the grasp of that holy mother in Israel, or cease to be called decent men! This Baptist clergyman tried to get others to help him raise the thousand dollars and purchase this Miss Jefferson, this slave, this Babylonian merchandise from this lady's saintship, but has not yet succeeded!

Thomas Jefferson's daughter—owned by a widow lady, who is a member of Rev. John C. Keeney's congregation, Starkeville, Oaktibbehaw county, Miss. Mr. Keeney is a Baptist Minister.—*Clarion of Freedom.*

The celebration of the First of August, which was held in this place, yesterday by the coloured people of this and the neighbouring towns, passed off in a creditable manner, and, we doubt not, to the satisfaction of all participating in it. At about ten o'clock a large number assembled in the Academy grove, where a temporary platform had been prepared for the speakers. The exercises were opened by a prayer from Rev. Mr. WARD, a coloured minister, which was followed by an ode, sung by the coloured choir of Geneva, and music from Baron and Holloway's Band. HENRY JOHNSON of this place, read the Act of Emancipation, after which FREDERICK DOUGLASS arose, and delivered a highly interesting and able address, in the main admirably adapted to the occasion, and listened to with the profoundest attention by all present. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the peculiar views of the speaker upon some points, it will be conceded that he is an orator of much power, and stands forth a fearless, able, and eloquent champion of his oppressed countrymen. Mr. Douglass was followed by Messrs. Garnett, Ward, Remond, and others. After the speaking was concluded, a long procession was formed, which marched to the Canandaigua Hotel. The remainder of the day was devoted to feasting and hilarity, closing with a ball at the Franklin House. The day was cool and pleasant, and as far as we observed, everything was conducted in good order and with a degree of propriety creditable to all who participated. The number present at the grove was about four thousand, about one-third of whom were coloured persons.

From the Liberator.

WATER CURE.

We have received, by the kindness of a friend abroad, the following prospectus of a new periodical on the Water Cure. The high reputation of the gentlemen named as editors, the means their position will enable *them to command for rendering the work one of uncommon* interest and ability, as well as a deep sense of the value of this new method of treatment, induce us to give nearly the whole Prospectus a place in our columns. The only thing needed, we are convinced, in relation to this subject, is light, the accumulation and study of facts, the record and comparison of the experience of water practitioners. By these means the new method will soon assume its place, not indeed as a panacea, as some ignorantly boast it, but as a, perhaps *the* most invaluable branch of the healing art.

The numerous Water Cure establishments on this side the ocean will, we hope, add their quota of experience to enrich the pages of the new Journal. We give it therefore all the publicity our columns afford.—W. P.

The Water Cure Journal and Hygienic Magazine. Edited by J. M. GULLY, M. D., Malvern; and W. M'LEOD, M. D., Ben Rhydding, Otley. To be published monthly; puice 6d.

The time has arrived when, from the wide-spreading opinion of the efficacy of the WATER CURE, it is expedient that some means should be taken to give continuous publicity to its principles, and to the practical experience of its now numerically-increasing professors in this country. Hourly, and by private communication, the facts of its power in overcoming disease have been breaking down the prejudices which, from various causes and associations, were arrayed against it.

The *British Medical Profession* require to have so grave a subject placed before them in all the strength of light which practitioners of the Water Cure can throw upon it, out of the repertory of facts that are accumulating in every place in the kingdom where it is practised. Already a distinguished member of the Medical Profession (Dr. FORBES) has announced in the journal which he edits, "*British and Foreign Medical Review,*" that medical men *must* examine into the water treatment, and draw from its list of means remedies against some diseases at least. But although many members of the Profession coldly acknowlege that the Water Cure is more or less applicable in more or fewer cases, it is evident, from the manner in which the journal above referred to speaks of it, (and it is the recognized leading organ of the practitioners of the ordinary medication, and the article on the Water Cure is the most able which any of them have written on the subject,) that a dark ignorance of all that concerns the Water Cure exists among the members of the Medical Profession.

To meet these requirements, therefore, to bring before the British public and the Medical Profession a series of facts and reasonings tending to develop the Hygienic System of treating disease, to which the name of Water Cure has been given, is the object of the publication, the title of which is at the head of this statement. No one concerned in the Journal has any hope of emolument; but each one is actuated by the strong desire to spread far and wide the benefits which, in their own persons or from their own observations, they know are derivable from the treatment which it advocates. It is desirable that a similar motive should acuate all those practitioners of the Water Cure who daily behold disease removed by its agency; and it is hoped that each of them will take advantage of the pages of the WATER CURE JOURNAL, to disseminate the good they are effecting, in order that such good may spread in wide circles throughout society, promulgating, together with a more philosophical plan of remedying bodily ills, the habits and the gain derivable from that cardinal virtue, Temperance.

The Journal will commence on the 1st of August.

All articles for the pages of the Journal to be forwarded to Dr. GULLY, at Mavorn, or to Dr. M'LEOD, at Ben Rhydding, Otley, before the 15th of each month.

London. Published by J. GADSBY, Whitefriars Printing Office, Bonverie Street, Fleet Street; and R. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS, 5, Paternoster-Row.

July, 1847

Communications.

Letter to a Minister in the Society of Friends.

DEAR FRIEND—I have sometimes sat under thy religious communcations in meeting with much satisfaction, but at other times I have been pained. It is difficult to give my views fully in this way, without extending my letter to an inconvenient length, but I thought I would submit to thy consideration some views that have occurred to me on the occasion, as briefly as I can.

When thou attended the Quarterly Meeting in this city, last first month, thou said much condemnatory of the numerous benevolent associations existing among us, as acting in the *will of man,* and naming the Temperance Society, thou significantly asked, "What good have they done?" I was surprised that any intelligent person should ask such a question, for I thought that there was none so blind as not to have seen that they have done much good. I can point thee to cases where, under Providence, they have been the means of raising many from the lowest degradation and misery, to comfort and respectability. Is this doing no good? It may be asked, what good have the Society of Friends done, in the last ten years? And it may be safely answered, NONE. But an unholy zeal against the reforms of the day, and a spurious ministry have been productive of much harm. They have sown division and discord throughout the Society, which will not be healed in thy day nor mine.

Again, thou frequently makes use of the sentence, "The will of man worketh not the righteousness of God." This, doubtless, is true of the will of man in its carnal state. But when it is brought into the obedience of Christ, after the soul has passed under the flaming sword, it becomes its meat, and its drink, to do the will of its Heavenly Father,—then the will of man, when thus purified, worketh the righteousness of God. Can a man do good, and his will not be in it? The Apostle says: "The *wrath* of man worketh not the righteousness of God." This, I think, we will all admit to be true.

"For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God." I think we are taught by these expressions of the Apostle, as well as by common sense, and every day's experience, that the spirit of a man is competent for the things of a man, that is, for such things as relate to the outward, for such things as are cognizable by our outward senses. But spiritual things are spiritually discussed. Reason is a noble faculty, and as much the gift of God as any faculty with which infinite wisdom has endowed us. It was the testimony of Elias Hicks, and is as true as anything he ever uttered, that "we have no right to look for revelation, where our reason is sufficient," and every sincere, devoted child of God knows it to be true.

I have heard thee and others, when paraphrasing on the five last verses of the tenth chapter of Luke, give, in my opinion, a very incorrect exposition of it. "Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman, named Martha, received him into her house. And she had a sister, called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone; bid her, therefore, that she help me. And Jesus answered, and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Now what was it that drew from the Saviour this commendation of Mary? Was it because she sat at Jesus' feet, and heard the word, or was it because her heart was prepared to obey it? Can we suppose that Mary remained in that quiet attitude? Nay, verily, though such quietude is often strongly recommended in these days from the preacher's gallery. While the Master was with her, she sat at his feet, and heard his word. But when he was gone, she, no doubt, was actively engaged in carrying into effect his teaching, by feeding the hungry, giving the thirsty drink, taking in the stranger, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, and the prisoner, and the widow and the fatherless, in their affliction.—She did not wait to be bidden the second time. How seldom do we hear these duties recommended from the gallery. It is a most pernicious error to suppose that we must wait for a special revelation before we can do any act of benevolence or kindness.

Martha, like many in the present day, was engaged in worldly matters, and was not prepared to wait upon the Master, when he was with her, and hear his word, and, no doubt, when he was gone she found nothing to do, and she could offer the same excuse for her inactivity that many do now. "I have received no command, and I must not act in my own will," and very likely censured Mary for her activity.

The Society of Friends, in this city, have retrograded—yes, awfully retrograded! they are a dead weight upon the reforms of the present day. Indeed, the defection is not wholly confined to this city—it is, to a lamentable degree, co-extensive with the Yearly Meeting. The moment a member takes part in any of the benevolent concerns now in progress, that moment he loses his standing in the Society, let it be ever so fair before.

When I look around and see the different benevolent institutions among us—the home for the aged coloured people—the coloured orphan asylum—the institution for the blind—also, that for the deaf mutes, with several others of a similar character, my heart glows with gratitude and thankfulness to the author of all good, that such institutions exist among us.

But what have Friends done in aid of them, why nothing at all—they must wait for a special revelation before they can put forth a hand of help.

Where would have been the reform in the penal codes in this country, and many other matters of great public utility, if the predecessors of this people had been as inert as the Society now is? The Pennsylvania Hospital—the Dispensary—the Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of Slavery—the Lyingin Hospital—the Hospital for the Blind, and many other useful institutions of a benevolent character, owe their origin, principally, to the Society of Friends in that city; and in this city the Manumission Society—the House of Refuge, and divers other measures of a charitable character, owe their origin to the Society of Friends. In all those institutions, both in Philadelphia and here, Friends laboured in conjunction with many of their fellow-citizens of other denominations.

A late writer, in speaking of the Society of Friends, says, that they have always been the foremost in every good work—but alas! who could say that of them now? I allude, more particularly, to this city. For, I trust, there are yet "left seven thousand in Israel, which have not bowed the knee to Baal, and which hath not kissed him."

I am, with sentiments of real regard,
Thy affectionate friend,
ISAAC TATEM HOPPER.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1847.

The Golden Bracelet.

The Tiger persuaded a man for a golden bracelet to bathe himself in the pool; but he sank in the mire, and the tiger seized and devoured him.—ORIENTAL.

It is always so. Philosophy has said that no man sins willingly; a willing unwillingness, according, I believe, to some ancient paradox, a conflict of opposite inclinations, there ever is in doing wrong. Laocoon feared the Grecians even when they bore gifts;—not without reason; and promise of the tiger seems not the hopefullest of things; and if one sees the deep black mire, he certainly cannot be very earnest to wade into it. But—The Golden Bracelet!

It is not mere love of gold. I have thought that the primal and original sin is selfish desire of superiority, reasonless ambition of power, fierce lust of dominion. All ages illustrate it; those of brute force, typified by a Hercules and other demigods and heroes; those of intellectual development, represented by song and art, science and philosophy; those of reverential servility, wherein as in the crusades superstition mingled with the cruelties of war, as in the schools, with the polemics of theology. From very childhood indeed, as childhood is now trained, through youth, onward to age, life is converted into an Olympic game, a gladiatorial fight, a succession of duels, to establish some superiority or dominion over others:

Forth discord goes exulting with [illegible] robe all torn,
Whom follows Warrior-Goddes [illegible]ed with bloody scourge;

all this, not for itself, but for the ambitious excitement it provokes in pursuit of victory,—victory, that other form of power and primary, that other aspect of the Golden Bracelet.

This selfish lust generates avarice. One would surpass another. Life is not enough; comfort is not enough; contentment there is not, save in the feeling of ascendancy, man overtopping man, and subordinating others to his will. By money he can do this cheaply, becoming lord of so much and so many as it will command, and the more as his money and his sphere of dominion enlarge and multiply themselves.

The laws of the universe are yet permanent and irreversible; and the man who trusts the tiger may be sure he shall be deceived; who would walk over the mire, he will certainly sink into it; and when it is deeper than he can extricate himself, for bracelet and gold he will find something else: the fierceness of the ravenous plunderer will not abate a whit at seeing him incapable either of resistance or of escape. Such things have been.

The last winter they were enlisting men in our vicinity for this War with Mexico. I was never on the spot to see the methods they took to gain them; but I saw young men, and was in the cars with them, who wore the soldiers' dress, and were soon going to the ground of infernal strife. What invited them from their New England mountains and shores and sky?—from their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, and dearer than these? Soulless presses, inhuman voices, of Statesmen and partisans, vociferate patriotism, generous love of their father-land and of freedom; then these same presses and voices cry out with immitigable eagerness against tories and traitors: Yes; the Tories, to whom God's Truth is holier than a Government's Lie, and the sacred laws of nature are dearer than the statutes of Tyranny, and loyalty to Heaven is a deeper reverence than slavery to a nefarious administration and a crouching Congress. The Traitors, who openly, manfully, filled with God's spirit, denounce wickedness in high places as well as in low, and in our own country as well as in a foreign, and in the elect rulers of the republic, as in the heriditary chiefs of a monarchy. Tories, Traitors, ye may exclaim from the highest seat of despotism through all the descending ranks of a false Democracy: God hath inspired lovers of himself and of man, who will not cower at your rage; they are now filling their urns at the fountain itself of celestial love, and they will drink thence immortal life and unconquerable power. Ye can never exhaust their energies, ye can never disturb the calmness with which they stand at this well head where always the purest streams arise, receiving and imparting divinest influence. No tiger promise will move these elect souls; no golden bracelet can their eyes see, *filled with celestial visions;* from dust of earth they rise to heavenly soil, and bathe in no lower waters than those of Life. Would it had been so with the sons and brothers and husbands, whom their native homes have given to the phantoms and woes of War! It is not patriotism, it is not generous love of freedom, moves them. A false and brutal Democracy has promised the Golden Bracelet. They have been deceived; and for the bathing and the gift, they find themselves now within the Tiger's jaws. Crush them, as thou wilt, fierce and bloody confederacy, misnamed Union, thine hour must come at last; and for every victim thou doomest to war, thou shalt suffer, as thou art beginning to suffer now: For thee too, the Tiger waits.

The nation has plunged into the abyss. The demon has instigated the monstrous crime. Extended territory; territory extended to enlarge the sphere and prolong the existence of Slavery,—of Slavery, cherished interest of sons whose fathers died for freedom; increased power and wealth, the ends of pride, of ambition, of avarice; this the Demoniac Promise. Into the pool, into the abyss, into the perpetual hell, the Nation has plunged; swimming, exulting, now, shouting, boasting, all confidence of the golden prize. The end is not yet. Every step is indeed downward; every swimmer's stroke is deeper into the unfathomable; every motion, fancied upward, is really a sinking into the inextricable; sighs and voices of triumph conceal the presence, and drown the growl, with which the demon waits his unsuspecting prey. The spiritual eye sees it all. Amid the triumphs of war and the splendours of enlarged empire, amid the influx of wealth and the growth of material prosperity, it sees the chasm wide open into deepest darkness. To it, the very triumph is defect; seeming splendour is real blackness; wealth is poverty; growth, decay; and, should another nation be added to our own, enlarged empire is but broader and more desolate wilderness. The first captive led in triumphal procession at Rome, was at once type and prophecy of Rome itself centuries later led as it were captive by northern hordes; a spirit deeper than he knew moved Scipio overlooking the fall of Carthage, to forebode the ruin of his own Rome in those sad Homeric words which pre-announce the destruction of Ilium and therein of every city and nation hoary with an age of violence: Well I know the day shall be when sacred Ilium shall perish, and Priam, and rich Priam's people. As nation, so individual; and, as it could not be other wise than Hector should fall by Achilles when he had slain Patroclus; so was it a necessity that he who dragged the fallen body in dust at his chariot wheels, should himself come somewhere to like depression, exclaiming, as Homer makes him in the under-world:

I would rather, becoming tiller of the soil, hire myself to another,
A poor man whose own living must be scanty,
Than over all the dissolving dead be king.

Never yet man or nation did wrong, never is it possible for man or nation to do wrong, be the promise what it may, but the promise is found false, and for the golden bracelet, death.

The same year, it is said, in which the Puritans came to land in New England, a Dutch ship entered with the first slaves into the Chesapeake. To Virginia, fatal as to Medea in ancient fable, the entrance of the ship of Argonauts within the blue rocks which bordered her native sea. This brought Medea, indeed with her Jason to the splendours of Corinth; but, as she had abandoned her father-land, and all its endearments, so is she too in a foreign city, abandoned by her husband for a princelier wife; and the revenge, which in the gift of a splendid robe, cheats the rival wife to her death, recoils on herself in the wretchedness of the desolate mother slaying her own children; so despoiled of all which is dear to daughter, sister, wife, and mother, and raging with her own furious wrath. Everywhere we see this same secret justice penetrating all things: there can be no single evil deed, but it conceives, and, sooner than the thought, meets its own Erinnys. The fatal slave-ship! Precursor of a traffic in blood and human souls, which has not ceased to this hour; of a tyranny, sustained by States, and the Confederacy, which has doomed its millions to the sorest privation, to the worst outrage, to the deepest curse. To the slave, they may tell us, it is a boon. To the slave, it is in fact unmitigated injustice; this is enough. And the injustice is fast reaping harvest of its own seed and culture. Medean Virginia! who need be told what the retribution of her injustice? Had she refused to purchase of that accursed ship; had she repelled the appeal it made to her interest, and her hope, and remained free from the bondage; who shall define the limits of her capabilities and her progress? She yielded, and is bound. She took of the poisoned fruit, and did eat; therein weakness and death. It is so wherever Slavery exists. The field sown with sin, yields death in the harvest. We need not wait for the historian, we need not go to Southern soil; injustice writes the story of its issues on its own brow. The true man standing on the *wharf in Jamestown,* when the first sale was completed, could have foretold the whole. The truth in his soul could have spoken then, perhaps did speak,—would it had been heard! Virginia! thou art despoiling thine own beauty. Medea! vengeance comes back to thee from thy children's murderous doom. Thou hast paid for thy slaves, thou hast therewith sold thyself. Thou hopest to become rich; thou art impoverished. Thou wouldst reap larger harvests; thy fields shall become barren.—Thou doomest thy vassal; his doom shall become thine. The recoil shall be as the stroke. The suffering is as the action. Thou darkenest man; thy sun shall be turned into darkness; thou sheddest blood; thy morn shall be turned into blood. Of all things, the equipoise is above; but otherwise than we hope do the higher powers enact, often, the things we look for never get done, of those we think not to see God finds way. Such, it will be recorded, hath been issue of this deed. Two centuries have passed; the record is written, and it is still writing itself anew and forever.

It was once promised possession of the whole earth, as reward of servile homage to evil; the condition was rejected, and the conqueror of temptation went forth to poverty, sorrow, and death; now he is king, through his own divine virtue, and shall reign universally, and forever. To America hath come truer promises, highest blessedness, fruit of free worship of the True and Just; she has declined the worship, and the boon, and exults in her martial prowess, her rich commerce, the extent and glory of her dominion. Thus saving her life, she loseth it; as in seeming to lose it for justice and goodness, she would have found it, filled with heavenly riches. Might she now hear the voice,—America! Turn from thy sins. The throne is already set. The judgment is even now begun. The books are open. All nations are gathering for the trial. Thou canst not hide thee from the hour. Nor by maxims of State policy, nor by opinions of men, nor by worldly preachings of Christianity, does this judgment proceed. The principles of justice, the eternal laws of self-abandoning love, of humility preferring others to itself, of meekness calmly bearing and overcoming evil, of peace, gentle as the spirit which bequeathed it, there, only there, are the beams of infinite radiance in which the Lord is now descending. Far off, to the world, does his coming dim a distant horizon; near, to the spirit, it shines above and through all as sun. The Eternal comes down, and infolds us in its present illuminations. Wherefore, oh people, prepare to meet thy God!—T. T. S.

The Douglass Testimonial.

We learn from the (London) People's Journal of July 24th, the disposition which is to be made of the fund raised in Great Britain, as a testimonial to Frederick Douglass. It will be remembered that this fund was to be devoted to the purchase of a printing-press, but Mr. Douglass, having decided, in accordance with the advice of his friends in this country, not to attempt to establish a newspaper, as there are already four journals now in existence in different States, under the exclusive editorial charge of coloured men, and as the plan was one of doubtful success, and would necessarily withdraw Mr. Douglass from the lecturing field where he is so much needed, *his friends abroad have cheerfully acquiesced in* his decision. It is now proposed that the entire proceeds of the fund, amounting to £500, (about \$2,000) be remitted to Mr. Douglass, to be safely invested for his benefit, under trustees of his own choosing. If, at any future time, he should consider it advisable to establish a newspaper of his own, the capital, so invested, shall be available for that purpose. In the meantime it is proposed that he shall devote a portion of his time to writing for one or more Anti-Slavery newspapers, conducted by coloured editors. In the event of his death, the fund is to be devoted to the support of his wife and children, or their survivors.

This disposition of the testimonial will, we presume be satisfactory to all concerned. The object of the donors will be attained through the communications of Mr. Douglass to the newspapers conducted by men of colour, and his friends abroad will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have contributed a certain annual sum to his support. He is already announced as a regular contributor to the columns of the Ram's Horn, a paper edited and published in this city by Messrs. Van Rensselaer & Hodges, both coloured men.

New-York Yearly Meeting.

We find in a late number of the British Friend, (Glasgow,) the following extract from a letter to Joseph Sturge.

I attended the late Yearly Meeting in New-York, excepting the last day, and a highly satisfactory one it was. A remarkable change has occurred in the views and feelings of many Friends there. Thou art doubtless aware, that the Quarterly Meeting of Farmington has long been decidedly Anti-Slavery; and for many years it introduced the subject of Slavery into the Yearly Meeting, much to the annoyance of many Friends, and to its own loss of *standing* and *caste.* It has, however, stood unmoved, and continued to act faithfully. Three years ago, it forwarded a strong minute setting forth the impropriety of using the productions of Slavery, and voting for slaveholders and pro-slavery men. That minute led to the preparation by the Meeting for Sufferings, of the excellent essay on the disuse of slave produce, which was adopted by the Yearly Meeting last year, and has, I believe, produced much good. This year, the Quarterly Meeting sent up another minute, in relation to the duties of our Society on the subject of Slavery, in view of the efforts of the Slave power to extend its influence, and to procure additional territory by means of a cruel war. The Yearly Meeting received the minute very favourably, and it was referred to the serious and close attention of the Meeting for Sufferings—not, as in former times, to stop discussion; but with a sincere desire that some efficient action should result.

R—— M—— takes strong ground in favour of decided Anti-Slavery movements.

Near the close of the sitting on the 3d day afternoon, he read a notice of the Meeting of the Free Produce Association, to be held *in* the meeting House, at half-past seven in the evening. He then expressed his views in favour of the association, recommending Friends to join it. F—— W——, J—— T,—— N—— C. H——, and other Friends, followed in the same strain: and the Yearly Meeting was brought under a deep and lively exercise on the subject.

Thou mayst well suppose that I rejoiced in witnessing the progress of this cause: where, but a few years since, it met with strong opposition, and when the Meeting House was refused for a meeting of those interested in promoting it.

The meeting in the evening was largely attended, the house being nearly filled. L. M. H., Dr. F——, and other Friends from New England were present.

It was concluded to establish a Free Produce Store in New-York, and nearly two thousand dollars have been subscribed towards a capital.

—— ——, at my suggestion, took under consideration the subject of keeping the store, and has concluded to undertake the business, if sufficient *capital is raised.*

The writer, it will be seen, is in a most hopeful frame of mind. The smallest favours are most gratefully received by him. He feels to rejoice that the Friends of this Yearly Meeting are not quite so bad as they have been, and considering how bad that is, we cannot but rejoice with him. It is something if Friends are beginning to cease to be pro-slavery. When they become really Anti-Slavery we hope to hear of it in some shorter way than via Glasgow. The Yearly Meeting referred to we take to be the Orthodox; and it must be confessed that that branch of the Friends' Society, so far as this city is concerned, is in a much better, or rather, we should say, is in not so bad, a relation to the Anti-Slavery cause, as that of the Hicksites. If the former have heretofore done nothing to help the cause of the slave, they have not, like the latter, endeavoured to throw many obstacles in the way of its progress. Of the Hicksites here, we have little hope, so long as they remain under the spiritual leading of that eminent shepherd in the Quaker Israel, the Reverend George F. White. But we understand that the cares of an increasing flour business, during the activity in the grain market of a few months back, have so engrossed the attention of the reverend gentleman, that he has scattered less of "the bread of life," than heretofore among his flock. Should the grain business continue prosperous, and the attention of their minister be devoted to supplying the people with bread for the body, the absence of that unbaked spiritual bread with which they have heretofore been fed may be blessed to the members of Rose street meeting, and we may yet have to chronicle the fact that "a remarkable change has occurred in the views and feelings of many Friends." We shall do so with great pleasure on the smallest provocation, whether the intelligenee comes to us by the way of Glasgow, or Greenland.

The progress among the Hicksites, however, should there be any, we trust will not be developed in the same way with that among the Orthodox. It is not to be expected that the latter should purchase heterodox sugar, rice, and long cloths of Mrs. Collins, but they are, we trust, sufficiently canonical for the Hicksites. We can bear witness to their being good enough for the eating and wearing of the world's people. But we have little faith in the Anti-Slavery of Friends which only shows itself on this question of slave-produce. It is the cheapest testimony they can make, and, as a general thing, they resort to it as a means whereby they may hide themselves from rebuke for their apathy, or their opposition to the slaves' cause.

Conventions at the South.

The following paragraphs we cut from the Charleston Mercury, into which they were copied, we presume, that the knowledge of the proposed plan of a Convention might be more widely extended, and a general expression of opinion be obtained on it. When shall we see the Northern press calling upon the people to come together in Convention to protect, first, and above all, the rights of the North? And when will the North learn that no people are free who can be forced against the convictions of their heads and hearts into *national crime?*

SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

The Savannah *Republican,* it seems, thinks the suggestion of this step as "premature and injudicious." It says: "We have talked and resolved enough upon this subject, and if a Convention should be called, it should be for action." Precisely—that is just what we want to see; *action,* and *action now,* is all that is necessary to prevent evils which a dozen Conventions held afterwards would fail to remedy. A Convention of Delegates from every State between the Rio Grande and the Potomac, would do more not only to avert the dissolution of the Union, and the innumerable evils which would follow, but it would be more effective in preventing aggression and encroachment, than would an army of a hundred thousand men. It is on this action—calm, deliberate, and determined action—of such a Convention, we verily believe, rests the security of the South, and the continuance of our Federal Union. The *Republican* says "quiet determination" is the policy; yes, and we beg leave to ask the *Republican* if it is not the extraordinary "*quiet*" of the determination of the South, which has deceived the people of the North, and induced them to believe that we would quietly yield our rights; for, we are of opinion that it is this erroneous belief, which has made so many adherents to the Wilmot Proviso. The action of this Convention might be in the shape "of resolutions," but they would be resolutions of such a character as would come home to the minds of the more reflective and calculating portion of our Northern fellow-citizens, and added to this, we opine, would be the instructions to the Senators and members of Congress, *how* to act in the event of further aggressive legislation. We want *unity of action,* and wise measures, maturely concerted, with regard to this subject, and this we believe can be better secured by such a deliberative body as that above suggested, than by any other means. The end to be accomplished is two-fold—the prevention of the dismemberment of the Union, but above that and every other consideration, is unity of purpose and concert of *action* among ourselves, in defence of our rights and institutions. We therefore reiterate the suggestion, and urge upon our Southern friends the consideration of the proposed measure. Our action *after* the Wilmot Proviso, or some other similar measure, has been forced upon us, must of necessity, be hasty, and perhaps reckless, from the absence of any preconcerted plan.—*Camden Journal.*

—

We think the Republican is wrong. The South should hold a Convention; not only for the sake of the Union, but for her own sake. The long forbearance of the South has encouraged the aggression of her enemies; and even now, we are daily taunted with the assertion that the people of the Southern States are not attached to the institution of Slavery, and that they will surrender it before they will suffer a dismemberment of the Union. The people of the North, who have been led into this belief, should be better informed by higher authority than mere newspaper paragraphs, or political speeches in Congress. Besides, it becomes the South to concert measures to meet the probable emergency. If she is to be compelled to act, it is proper that her people take counsel together, in order that they may act advisedly and unitedly.—*Western Continent.*

—

But all Southern Conventions are not pro-slavery. We find the following cheering article in the Louisville Examiner, the Southern Pioneer in the way to Freedom;

CONVENTION.

The first step has been taken! The Convention Question is carried in Kentucky.

We say not that all who voted *for* Convention are in favour of emancipation; but this we do say, that the great majority *are.*

The first word we heard, when we commenced the Examiner was, "you will throw back the cause," and the more thoughtless added "we are glad you are out—it will stop the Convention."

We knew better. We knew that *thinking* men were not to be influenced by this consideration, and that real, earnest hopers for freedom, would only work the harder for it. We said so. The result—the vote of Louisville, especially—*proves* that we were right.

The PEOPLE want to get at this question of Slavery. *They are eager to drive the evil from our soil forever.* Where are their leaders? Where are the good and great to speak for them? Where the *far-seeing,* clad in proof-mail, and ready to take and give blows in the glorious cause? Where THE MEN willing to labour and to wait? Never was the harvest riper, and so full of promise. Never before had the gleaners in any field a surer yield and a richer future. Let them reap it—let the one blot upon Kentucky be swept away—let her voice go up for freedom, through their instrumentality, and not only will they be fixed stars in the clear upper sky, on which all posterity should love to gaze, but they will so shake and rack the accursed evil elsewhere, that VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE will echo back their shout for liberty and be FREE!

What a motive! What a result! Up, men of Kentucky, and seize the opportunity of greatness forced upon you! Up, and make glad our good old commonwealth! Up, and wing forth influences, which shall plant the standard of freedom in our sister States, South, West, and East! Up, and let it be your glory, and the glory of Kentucky, that, of all the planting States, we first heaved off the incubus of Slavery, and proclaimed UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION TO MAN.

The vote for a convention will throw light on the question, as to what the people of Kentucky feel and think on the question of Slavery, *This vote has been purely the act of the people.* Not more than three or four papers in the State, advocated, openly, the Convention! Not a dozen leading politicians made it *the* theme of their discourse! Yet the people have said, "Let us have a Convention—let us have a new Constitution."—What do they mean? What want they? What thought they when they said this? Let public men ponder on these questions. The answer to them will come by-and-by.

DISGUSTING AFFAIR.—Four light coloured negro wenches were yesterday in the dock of the Second Municipality, who were arrested for living in a house of ill-fame in Gravier near Phillipa street. They were also complained of for offensive language and conduct upon the banquette. These women are the slaves of Matilda Raymond, who keeps them at her house for the vilest purposes. This woman is out of town and could not be arrested, but Josephine Tanner, who has charge of the house in her absence, was brought up and will be examined on Tuesday next. The four negro women were remanded to jail, and will take their examination under the Black Code, before Judge Bright.

We take the above from a recent number of the New Orleans *Delta,* and therefore it cannot be the invention of any Northern fanatic. Why it should be called a disgusting affair, we do not see, because it must be a very common and very familiar one. People who do not constantly see the effects of the peculiar institution are apt to forget their worst and most revolting forms. They think of the wrongs, the griefs, and the sufferings of the slave; the separation of parents and children, the stripes inflicted upon women, the tearing asunder of husbands and wives, and all the cruelties and hardships which are the inevitable results of chattel Slavery. But they do not think of the revolting and degrading condition revealed in the above extract, to which both slave and owner is reduced by the hellish system. Rearing up light-coloured female slaves for the "vilest purposes," is so common in all the large towns of the slaveholding States, that we wonder at the arrest of those unfortunates in New Orleans. The language they used must have been very offensive to have shocked the delicacy of people familiar with such things, and have led to their arrest. We shall keep an eye upon the New Orleans papers, for we have a *curiosity to know how Judge Bright will dispose* of the parties, and what the precise meaning of the "Black Code" may be.—B.

The Discipline of Friends' Society.

A correspondent at the West asks us to publish the following extract from the Discipline of the Society of Friends. We cheerfully comply with the request:

"It therefore remains to be our continued concern to prohibit our members from holding in bondage our fellow-men. And, at the present time, we apprehend it to be incumbent on every individual deeply to consider his own particular share in this testimony. The slow progress in the emancipation of this part of the human family, we lament; but, nevertheless, do not despair of their ultimate enlargement. And we desire that Friends may not suffer the deplorable condition of these, our enslaved fellow-beings, to lose its force upon their minds through the delay which the opposition of interested men may occasion in this work of justice and mercy; but rather be animated to consider that the *longer* the opposition remains, the greater is the necessity on the side of *righteousness* and *benevolence* for our steady perseverance in pleading their cause."

In relation to this extract our correspondent says: "It may encourage some who are endeavouring to do their duty as they have believed the pure light of truth directs in relation to this subject, who yet may have been so little conversant with their own Discipline, as not to remember the particular passage: It may, too, fall under the eye of some, who, finding it in an Anti-Slavery paper, might doubt that anything so encouraging to '*the popular delusions of the day,*' could be contained in that volume."

THE SINKING SHIP.—Mr. Joshua Leavitt has retired from the editorship of the Emancipator, and is for the future to be only a contributor to its columns. A want of adequate support from the paper is the reason given. As we love even-handed justice, we are glad to learn that the larceny of 1840 has not been blessed to the reverend gentleman. The Liberty party ship is in a sinking condition. All her principal officers are either openly abandoning her, as unseaworthy, or creeping over the stern as quietly as possible to get out of her before she goes down.

THEY TREMBLE.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says that, in anticipation of the agitation of the Wilmot Proviso question, it is proposed by a number of gentlemen of South Carolina and other States to establish a press in Washington, which shall represent Southern views on the subject of Slavery. The press is to be "free from party influence," and none are to be engaged in the undertaking but "men in every way independent," and "whose means and position are such as to free them from all temptations of profit and place."

ROWDYISM.—The Boston Bee states that a Millerite Camp-Meeting was broken up last week at South Reading by a mob. Several fights occurred, and a number of persons were much bruised. The coat of Elder Himes was nearly torn from his back, and he was last seen running for the woods, with a pack of the mobocrats in full pursuit. "Freedom to worship God" in this country, means, freedom to worship as the devil pleases.

☞ The Bermuda Gazette of the 2d of August, says:

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.—Sunday last being the first day of August, the anniversary of the emancipation from Slavery of the coloured people throughout the British dominions—yesterday was observed as a day of thanksgiving and pleasure by the participators of this boon in these Islands. Several of the churches were opened, Divine service performed by their special request, sermons preached, and in the afternoon large parties of them dined together.

FREE-LABOUR STORE.—We call attention to the new advertisement in this number of our paper, of the free-labour store of G. W. Taylor, in Philadelphia. We are assured that all the goods manufactured by the Free Produce Association of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and the American Free Produce Association, are for sale at Mr. Taylor's establishment.

To Correspondents.

S. L. L. The bill was sent to T. N. by mistake. The papers shall be sent in any way he directs.

W. R. B. We cannot tell when Mr. H.'s paper was discontinued. If it can be found that the papers are received at the W. Post Office and not delivered, a letter to the Department at Washington will, no doubt, bring a speedy remedy. Thank you for your offer. We have not now, but shall have by-and-by.

T. D. The business is receiving our best attention.—We shall speedily report progress.

R. We are obliged to him for his communication. He will have observed, however, that we have said the same thing, and repetition seems unnecessary.

S. M. The number of the paper he refers to has not reached us.

B. W. Jr. or W. What you please.

Mr. P. Yes, Sir; we will remember the distinction.

Robert Dale Owen has been defeated in the Congressional election in Indiana. This is generally attributed to his avowed infidelity, and to his writings on Phisiology. Whatever the cause may be, we rejoice in the defeat of a man who, while professing to be a Democrat, and even a reformer of the most radical school, when he comes into power, votes for a war of invasion, and the extension of Slavery.

Henry Clay has been visiting Cape May for the benefit of sea-bathing. A delegation from this city visited him to invite him hither, and according to the accounts in the papers of the interview between the parties, there was more bathing than is looked for on such occasions. Everybody, including Mr. Clay, was "bathed in tears." His family misfortunes were the burden of his speech to the delegation, and the reason given for not accepting their proffered hospitality. A grief of which a public display is thus made, however sincere it may be, ceases to be respectable and dignified.

Corrections.—We are requested to make the following corrections in the Annual Report of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, published last week:

In the 3d paragraph, 1st and 2d lines, instead of "wickedness against Mexico," read "wicked war," &c. The paragraph relating to the Carlisle riot, should come in *after* the remarks on J. Brown's case.

Wanted.—No. 52. Vol. iv. and No. 48, volume vii.

Notes on New Books.

The People's Journal.—The July monthly part of this valuable magazine was received by the last steamer. This number commences a new volume, and the time therefore is favourable for new subscribers. The price is only $2.50 per annum—just one half of what is paid for some of our own monthlies, which are filled with trash as disgraceful to the literary character, as to the good taste, of the American people. The People's Journal has among its contributors some of the best American as well as English writers. As a merely literary journal it is of a high grade; but it is still more deserving of a generous support, as being devoted to every measure which aims at the improvement of the condition, and the establishment of the rights, of the people. Crosby & Nichols, Washington street, Boston, are the general agents for the United States, and Burgess & Stringer, the agents for this city.

Howitts' Journal.—The July number of this periodical is also before us. In its style, aim, and price, it is a copy of the People's Journal. Its contributors are all well-known writers. The agents in this country are the same as for the People's Journal.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Irish Weather.—The Correspondent's Neighbours.—The Quiet, and the Troublesome.—Bad habits of choaking and eating.—The Correspondent's "local habitation." An Englishman's opinion of Irish Coaches.—The common notion of the semi-barbarism of Ireland refuted.—Great mistake of American Tourists—Garrison, and a friend of S. J. May, among them.—Prospects for harvest—beautiful whate, darlin' potatoes, and iligant oats, &c. &c.—Lucky fall in the price of Indian Corn.—Want of energy among the Irish.—"Native Americans."—Condition of this year's emigrants from Ireland.—Sickness and Starvation of the people in Erris.—The Elections.—Return of George Thompson to Parliament—also of Colonel P. Thompson, and W. J. Fox.—Difference in the aspect of political parties in Great Britain and America.—The Correspondent is puzzled to understand American cowardice.—He differs from B. on the Saunders and Howitt Controversy.

Dublin, 1st August, 1847.

My Dear Gay:—Nothing can exceed the propitious state of the weather for the last few months. We have had warmth and sunshine, with enough of rain to satisfy, without frightening, that most susceptible creature, the farmer. It is now delightfully sunny and breezy. The trees in the College Park are waving beside me so country-like that I might fancy myself in a cottage on the border of a forest, instead of in a city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. But, indeed, for a citizen who has no garden, and is not an occupant of a house in one of the grand squares, I am very happily circumstanced. Opposite my house is the parish Church of St. Mark's, surrounded by its grave-yard full of trees. Such near neighbourhood of the dead would, I know, be considered by some, a very questionable advantage. But they never trouble us. They are neither prying, meddlesome, nor gossipping. The open space round the church looks quite rural at this luxuriant season of the year. The church and grave-yard are not unpleasing objects from our sitting-room windows, except when they remind us that the *minister* is entitled, by law, to make a prey upon our property, if we neglect or refuse to pay our quota towards his maintenance.—We have had experience that he has the will as well as the power, to help himself in this way. It is odd what wicked and mean acts men will commit when they have the law to back them, and apparently with the most innocent unconsciousness of any evil. Truly, habit is so far second-nature, that they who duly estimate its powerful influence in warping the judgment and the conscience, find it difficult to remain faithful to the Quaker doctrine of the "inward light." In England, an atrocious criminal is hanged like a dog. In Sumatra, offended justice demands that he shall be eaten by his judges. No doubt, many of those who hang, and those who eat, poor sinners, do so with an easy mind, and give God thanks that they have been enabled to do their duty.

But all this has nothing to do either with "the cot where I was born," or the house I live in. At the rear, we have the trim park of Trinity College, full of green grass and waving foliage, a perfect blessing to look upon for us poor cooped-up townspeople. We are, perhaps, five minutes walk from the most stately portion of the city. I don't know whether you have heard that from Carlisle-Bridge, (the best of the seven bridges which cross the Liffey on its passage through Dublin,) is seen one of the finest architectural views in the world. This seems much to say for anything in Ireland, but I believe it is true. A friend of mine was asked by an old gentleman near London, a good many years ago, whether the mail-coaches in Ireland were not thatched with straw. Now, dear Gay, should you ever have heard such a statement, I beg you to accept of my assurance that this is not the case. Although in some parts of this populous little island, the people are as badly housed, almost as little taught, and fare as hardly as the Red Indians, or the Hottentots, these are, by no means, our general characteristics.—We have, in great abundance, canals and railroads, churches and chapels, schools and colleges, and others of the ordinary indications of civilization. We have natural scenery of great attractiveness—much that is eminently beautiful and sublime. You have heard of our Giant's Causeway and our Lakes of Killarney. Nothing can be more surprising than the one, or more paradisiacal than the other. Visiters come from all parts of Europe to see them. Considering the baptism that Ireland has passed through, it is no wonder that we are greatly behind England in many respects as well as wealth. Our agriculture is not brought to so high a pitch, and we are inferior in promptitude, energy, punctuality, and business-habits. But we are mending. Our hotels are very tolerable—such as, I fancy, an American would not complain of—and our roads are generally excellent. Our railways are extending rapidly over the island on the most frequented lines of traffic and commerce. Much as you may hear of agrarian crime in Ireland, the stranger is always safe, and so, generally speaking, are those who are not mixed up with disputes about land. For my own part, I should feel much safer in undertaking a journey on foot, alone, and unprotected, in Ireland than in England. I should feel less apprehensive of highway-robbery, injury, or insult. Though not one of the most flaming patriots, I am jealous that many travellers and tourists who think it worth their while to leave the United States to visit Europe, pass Ireland by without deigning to look at us. Perhaps they dont know that Ireland is so well worth a visit. Perhaps they are afraid we will kill them and eat them, without even the inducement of that stern sense of duty which impels the Battas in Sumatra. The common routine of an American's four months tour in the British Islands is pretty nearly as follows—two months in London, five weeks in the rest of England and Wales, two weeks in Scotland, and one in Ireland. Perhaps I allow a little too little to Scotland, and a little too much to us. When Garrison and Rogers were here, in 1840, they spent three months in all in the three kingdoms, of which three days were given to Ireland. When Garrison was over last year, he was, perhaps, a week in Ireland. I knew one Boston gentleman who landed in Dublin in the morning and sailed for England on the evening of the same day. James Haughton showed me a letter he had lately from Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, in which he introduced a young friend about to visit Europe. He wished him to see his friends in Dublin, and hoped to hear, through him, something of the real state of things in Ireland. Well, across this letter, when it arrived by post, were written two lines by the traveller, stating that he had given up his intention of visiting Ireland. As I am thus precluded from communicating with Samuel May, through his cavalier young friend, I don't see why you will not do just as well.

From all I have said of the extraordinary beauty, and kindliness of the season, you may conclude that our prospects from the coming harvest are very good. This is indeed the case, and we hear congratulations on all hands to this effect. Although, in the extreme South and West, much of the land that was capable of cultivation, was left unsown, for want of seed, in the rest of the country it is believed that the breadth of land under cultivation, is greater than was ever before known. Such beautiful *whate!* Such *darlin'* potatoes! Such *iligant* oats!—and green crops, turnips, parsnips, carrots, and so forth to no end. Indian corn has fallen to about half its former price, and it is well for us it is so, for I have grown very fond of it. And I cannot deny that it is very popular with many of the minor members of my household. It seems strange to have a new, cheap, and abundant article of food thus domesticated amongst us, which but two years since we only knew of from books of voyages and travels. Throughout Ireland generally, we are, I hope, likely to have abundance of provisions—if the people only had some other means of procuring it than mendicancy. There is a great want of capital, energy, and independence. Capital and energy to plan, provide, and direct employment, and that spirit amongst the poor that would make them prefer any reasonable effort to depending upon the hand of charity, or the dole of Government. And yet, I have often heard that our poor who emigrate, when they really gain a footing amongst you, speedily become as remarkable for every *go-ahead* characteristic as Brother Jonathan himself. Doubtless there is a marvellous charm in the certainty that a good day's work will be well recompensed, and that with you every man who swims with the stream is sure of a "clear stage, and no favour."

I lately saw an account of a meeting of "Native American" tradesmen, held, I think, in New-York, to devise means to protect themselves against the competition of the "paupers, and fugitives from justice," who are flocking from Europe into Yankee-land, and injuring, by their low prices, the wages of the sons of the soil. I suppose this demonstration was chiefly aroused by a dread of the shoals of Irish, who are driven by the potato blight to seek for a home in the United States. If this be so, it is hard that our poor people should be so badly received. For, strange as it may seem, a large proportion of those who have left us this year are the very class that we should be best pleased to keep at home. They are those who had some little cash, besides the industry, and love of independence which impels them to seek honest bread in the far West, sooner than starve or vegetate at home. You are getting the best of us. And you have land enough and to spare for the miserable remnant who are withering away among our Western bogs and mountains, and our rugged shores on the Atlantic coast. I wish you had them, and could set them to work.

I continue to get very deplorable letters from the district of Erris, in the county of Mayo, which I visited some weeks ago. Fever, dysentery, and starvation, are still at work there. The fact is, that notwithstanding the efforts of benevolent societies, backed by benevolent donors throughout the world, it is difficult to supply the wants of a large population, who have not sufficient spirit to impel them to try and help themselves. How can thirty thousand people who neither earn nor labour, who have no seed in the ground, and no money to buy any, how can they continue to be supported as they have been? They must leave that inhospitable, wild, and mountainous region, and, like the Northern hordes of old, mingle themselves with the people in more favoured districts. The rapidly reduced means of the Friends' Central Committee, are, I believe, now chiefly directed to the relief of the orphans of those who have been swept away by disease and starvation, and to the recovery of the sick and convalescent.

Just at present the country is going through the ordeal of a general election—not such a matter of life and death, as I fancy it is deemed by you in America. Matters are going on very quietly, and I believe there has never been known an occasion of the kind in which less public excitement was manifested, or less turbulence, or violence evinced by the mass of the people. I speak of England, for the voting has not yet commenced in Ireland. The absence of O'Connell from the stage, will make a great difference here. Owing to the factions disposition evinced by both parties amongst us,—both Tories and Repealers, I fear the character of Irishmen has suffered in the Imperial Parliament, and that they do not exercise the legitimate influence they would be entitled to, if their claims were measured by their numbers, or the importance of the interests they represent.

The most interesting circumstance to me in the present election, is the news just arrived, of the return of George Thompson, by a very large majority, for the Tower Hamlets, a district of London, and, I believe, one of the largest constituencies in the Empire. He had a majority of three thousand above either of his two competitors. I am glad of his success, for his talents for business and eloquence are likely to make him a useful and shining member of the House of Commons.—He will thus have greatly extended opportunities of labouring effectually for the amelioration of the condition of British India. Two other men of note have also been already returned during the present election. I mean Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, the father of the Anti-Corn Law movement, and W. J. Fox, one of the ablest of the orators, lecturers, journalists, and reformers of the day. The English House of Commons is a grand arena for those who have talent and principle to occupy it worthily.

I imagine the political enthusiasm of this country would be thought very tame and lifeless in the United States. Perhaps your feelings respecting it would be much the same as the prevalent opinion amongst zealous religionists here, of the low state of religious zeal and attainment in the Protestant churches of France and Germany. If I comprehend aright the attachment of most Americans to either of the two great political parties, it seems to me to resemble nothing so much as the zeal of staunch religious professors for their Church.—They adhere to it as to a point of honour. The politician acts as if his character here, and his salvation hereafter, depended on his adhesion. We have almost nothing of this kind. The political gloves are worn much more easily. Public opinion is much less trammelled than with you. We have a large class, steadily on the increase, who are the bigots of no party, and who hold the balance between all—and I think they are respected the more for their neutrality—at least by all whose respect is worth caring for. Nearly all my letters from America, assure me that in the North, the opinion of all the best and most respectable portion of the community, turns with loathing and abhorrence from the meanness, cruelty, and indefensible bare-faced aggression of the Mexican war. This I have no doubt is true, so many credible witnesses have declared it. Yet it is difficult for us who have been taught to believe that the popular will is sovereign in the United States, to understand how it is that in the face of the sentiment of the most respectable portion of the community, (who, from their respectability, if not their numbers, must exercise a powerful influence,) your country can be dragged by her rulers into such an abyss of infamy. We can readily understand that designing, ambitious, and unprincipled men can do as they please with an ignorant, besotted, enslaved community, but how the enlightened, free, and religious people of the United States can thus be dragged into a course of cowardly robbery and crime, is reasonably past our comprehension.

I regret that your correspondent B. undertook to decide so hastily in the quarrel between Howitt and Saunders. Did he examine both sides? I know that Mr. Howitt thinks himself greatly wronged by Saunders, and I do not believe that the Howitts would be guilty of the mean, and gratuitous malignity B. ascribes to them. In my opinion, they act most wisely, who in the face of provocation, decline to bring their private quarrels before the public.

Yours, truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry:* Eternal Justice. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); Effects of Local Circumstances in Producing Changes; Original Letter of Anthony Benezet; Case of Somnambulism; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—*Pro-Slavery:* To the Rev. Charles Briggs, &c.; Ultra Abolitionists; The Columbian College. *Selections:* A Nut for Northern Fanatics to Crack—Peter Pool's Return to Slavery; Another Douglass in the Field; Late from Mexico; Anti-Slavery Meeting.

Second Page.—Extract from the Christian World; Thomas Jefferson's Daughter; The First of August Celebration; Water Cure. *Communications:* Letter to a Minister in the Society of Friends.

Married,

In New Haven, Ct. July 28, Mr. J. H. Lyman, of Northampton, (Mass.) to Miss Julia S. daughter of the late Timothy Dwight, Esq. of New Haven.

Died,

On Monday, the 6th instant, at Niagara Falls Peter Gerard Stuyvesant, Esq. of this city, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 8th instant, at the residence of his brother, Jedediah Strong, in Chester township, Burlington county, New Jersey, the Hon. James Strong, of the city of New-York, aged 64 years, formerly for several years a Representative in Congress from the State of New-York.

At her residence, in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 14th instant, in the 92d year of her age, Sarah Redwood Fisher, relict of Miers Fisher, Esq. and daughter of William and Sarah Holmes Redwood, formerly of Newport, Rhode Island.

In London, on the 9th ult. the Right Hon. Dennis O'Conor, commonly called the O'Conor Don, one of her Majesty's Lords of the Treasury. He had occupied his seat in the House of Commons as representative of the county of Roscommon since 1831.

In Norfolk, (Va.) August 5, Hon. Thomas Newton, in his 79th year, formerly, and for thirty consecutive years, the Representative of that district in Congress.

August 1st, at his residence, at Hyde Park, Walter Langdon, Esq. in the 60th year of his age, a native of Portsmouth.

On the 28th ultimo, at his residence, Printing-house Square, London, John Walter, Esq. principal proprietor of the Times newspaper.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Seventeen Days Later from Europe.

The steamship Cambria, Captain Judkins, arrived at Boston on the 18th, having left Liverpool at eleven A. M. on the 4th instant.

She brings intelligence of a still further decline in breadstuffs.

The following table, which we cut from the Tribune, exhibits the comparative prices of Bread stuffs at Liverpool by the last three steamers:

	Per Cambria, August 4.
United States Wheat, per 70 lb.	$1 92 a 2 20
United States Flour per bbl.	6 48 a 6 60
Indian Corn, per qr.	6 24 a 7 20
Indian Meal, per bbl.	3 36
	Per Hibernia, July 19.
United States Wheat, per 70 lb.	2 24 a 2 44
United States Flour, per bbl.	8 16 a 8 40
Indian Corn, per qr.	9 60 a 0 00
Indian Meal, per bbl.	4 56 a 4 68
	Per Britannia, July 3.
United States Wheat, per 70 lb.	2 04 a 2 52
United States Flour, per bbl.	7 92 a 8 28
Indian Corn, per qr.	7 68 a10 56
Indian Meal, per bbl.	4 80 a 0 00

The calculations are at 480 cents to the pound sterling, or 24 cents to the British shilling. The quarter is 500 lbs.

Cotton has also declined.

The prospect for abundant harvests still continues encouraging. The crops of wheat, oats, and barley are universally healthy; the potato, notwithstanding all that has been said about the re-appearance of the disease of last year, is affected but to a very insignificant extent.

Parliament has been dissolved, and the new elections are proceeding vigorously. The Liberal party seem to be in the ascendant. Lord John Russell stands at the head of the delegation from London. His colleagues are Mr. Pattison, Liberal, Baron Rothschild, the eminent Jewish banker, and Mr. Masterman. Liverpool, the second city in importance in the kingdom, has returned two free-traders, Mr. Cadwell, and Sir Thomas Birch, by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Cobden has been returned for Stockport, and Mr. Bright unopposed for Manchester. Dr. Bowring has secured his seat for Bolton. Mr. Sturge, however, has failed at Leeds. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has again failed to obtain Lincoln. General Fox, who holds a high office under the crown, has been defeated in the Tower Hamlets by Mr. George Thompson, the Anti-Corn-Law League lecturer. Serjeant Talfourd has reinstated himself in Reading; and Colonel Thompson, a free-trader, is returned for Bradford. W. J. Fox, the popular dissenting orator, has procured a seat for Oldham.

In Scotland, Mr. Macaulay, a Cabinet Minister, has lost his election for the city of Edinburgh, his vote on the Education Grant having been a political sin not to be forgiven by the non-conformists.

The remains of Mr. O'Connell were embarked at Birkenhead, for Dublin, on Sunday, where they arrived the following day.

A distinguished literary amateur performance, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, has been given in Liverpool. The principal characters were borne by Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Cruikshank and Leitch.

A formidable conspiracy of the most diabolical character had been detected at Rome. The object of the conspirators, who amounted to several hundreds in number, was to massacre the citizens, and to move the Pope to Naples by force. Five Cardinals, with exalted civil and military officers, are discovered to have been abettors.

Several sanguinary battles have been fought between the Russians and Circassians, the former being defeated with considerable loss.

Latest from Hayti.—The brig Silenus, Hardy, from Cape Haytien, August 5, arrived on Monday, and we are indebted to Colonel C. M. Weston for *Le Manifeste* of July 29. The gentleman who handed the paper to us said: "There is a great row in Hayti; the ministry have all been dismissed; and they are trying to see who is the biggest nigger." As we understand *Le Manifeste*, the President of the Senate at Port-au-Prince sent a message to the Chamber of Representatives, July 24, with proposed modifications of the Budget. The Chamber debated all that day, and on the 25th returned a message declaring that they unanimously rejected the proposed amendments of the Senate relating to the Department of the Interior and Agriculture, and returned the Senate's project fixing the expenses for 1848.

President Preston then pronounced a farewell discourse, and a deputation having returned from the Chief Executive, the session was declared to be closed. A ministerial crisis followed; the Cabinet took their dismission, and a new Ministry was constituted as follows:—Secretary of War and Marine, General Lazare; Interior and Agriculture, Senator David Troy; Finances and Commerce, Treasurer-General Jean Elie; Justice and Public Instruction, Senator J. Francois. These are said to possess the confidence of the Representatives, and we infer the discomfiture of the Senate, the conservative branch of the Government of our coloured fellow-republicans.—*Boston Post.*

General Items.

A Fracas.—Colonel James Watson Webb, of the New-York Courier and Enquirer, had a "set-to" in Wall street, on Friday, with Mr. Lecompte, late agent of the French steamers. Lecompte attempted to spit in Webb's face, and Webb struck him with his cane, after which they came to close quarters until separated.

Free Negroes.—Among the crew of the ship *Ambassador*, at Mobile, there were eleven free negroes. They were committed to jail, and the captain was obliged to pay the costs, and give bond in the sum of $2000, to carry them away from the State, according to the laws made and provided in such cases.

Within the past ten days, says the Mobile *Herald*, Justice Wiggins has committed two other crews to jail, under similar circumstances, the whole number of men, in the three cases, comprising twenty-nine.

Heavy penalties will, according to law, be inflicted on these men, if they return to the State.

New Orleans Bulletin.

Duel in Arkansas.—Albert Pike, the Arkansas Poet, has been fighting a duel somewhere in the Cherokee Nation, with Colonel S. Roane, also a volunteer.

Anti-Slavery.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and other Anti-Slavery lecturers, visited Pittsburg last week, and attended several Anti-Slavery meetings. A friend writing from there, under date of August 15th, says:—

"They made a tremendous impression. Douglass is very much improved since he went to England; he is a splendid speaker. The meetings were all crowded, and everybody who heard him were delighted. Garrison is a great man, and a most powerful speaker. He, too, made a fine impression.

The French Steamer Missouri arrived at Halifax on the 15th instant, where she put in for coal. Having exhausted her supply several days before, she fell in with the Revenue Cutter Daring, the Captain of which furnished her with enough to enable her to reach Halifax. She had twenty-six cabin, and sixty-five steerage passengers. Her mail agent and mails were transferred to the Cambria. She arrived at this port on Sunday night.

A Spectacle.—We were informed, as our paper was about to go to press, that last Saturday afternoon a coffle of slaves, to the number of one hundred, was marched over the Long Bridge, across the Potomac, in broad daylight, in full view of the President's House. At the same hour, we presume, the United States band of music, which every Saturday afternoon is listened to by numerous visiters to the President's grounds was playing, with patriotic fervor, "Hail Columbia," or "Yankee Doodle."

When will the hour come when the City of Washington, the beautiful capital of this great Republic, shall be relieved from the disgrace of such spectacles?—*National Era.*

Cotton Factories at the South. The Live Oak of Pensacola gives some account of a cotton factory at Arcadia, about seventeen miles from Pensacola. It has about one thousand spindles, and is worked entirely by negroes—mostly girls. It makes five thousand yards of domestic weekly. It has been in operation about a year, and, as an experiment, it has more than answered the sanguine expectations of its projectors.

Beauties of Slavery.—A man in St. Louis, having caught a runaway negro slave girl, carried her into an open lot, and in the presence of a crowd of men and boys, stripped her naked, tied her feet and hands and flogged her most unmercifully with a horsewhip. This outrage was so gross that even the St. Louis papers denounce it.—*Mail.*

NOTICES.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION!!

Garrison, Douglass, Walker, Foster, and others will attend meetings as follows:

Twinsburg, Monday and Tuesday, 23d and 24th of August.

Oberlin, Thursday, 26th,

Richfield, Saturday and Sunday, 29th and 30th.

Medina, Sunday and Monday, 30th and 31st.

Massillon, Tuesday and Wednesday, 1st and 2d of September.

Marlboro, Thursday and Friday, 3d and 4th.

Salem, Saturday and Sunday, 5th and 6th.

☞ The big tent will be put up at Richfield, Marlboro, and Salem; and at other places if the weather should not be favorable to a grove meeting.

☞ Garrison and Douglass will attend *all* of these meetings, *one* of them remaining during all the sessions.

☞ The meetings at Twinsburg and Massillon will commence at 2, P. M. those at Richfield, Marlboro, and Salem, at 10, A. M. that at Oberlin at 9 1-2 A. M. and the one at Medina at 7, P. M.

All the sessions subsequent to the first, will commence at 10, A. M. and 2, P. M.

SAM'L. BROOKE, *Gen. Agent.*

GENESEE AND LIVINGSTON COUNTIES.

Joseph C. Holley, a coloured man from Brooklyn, Long Islan, late of the District of Columbia, and G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y. will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows, viz:

North Bergen,	Genesee County,	September	1 and 2
East Bergen,	"	"	3 " 4
Elba,	"	"	5 " 6
Pine Hill,	"	"	7 " 8
Oakfield,	"	"	8 " 10
Pembroke,	"	"	11 " 12
East Bethany,	"	"	13 " 14
Pavillion,	"	"	15
East Avon,	Livingston County,	"	18 " 19
Caledonia,	"	"	20 " 21
Fowlersville,	"	"	22 " 23
Cuylersville,	"	"	24 " 25
Lakeville,	"	"	26 " 27
Livonia,	"	"	28 " 29
South Livonia,	"	September 30 and Oct. 31.	

The above meetings will commence at two and seven o'clock, P. M. of each day.

Will friends in each place see that arrangements are made, and extended notice given? Let the people come and hear their appeals for the slave, and the country groaning under the yoke of a slaveholding oligarchy.

J. C. Holley can tell a stirring story of abuse and persecution, by which he was forced to flee from the national domain, and the care of the nation's lawmakers in the District of Columbia.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND and J. C. Hathaway will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follow:—

MONROE COUNTY.	
Churchville, Friday and Saturday,	August 6th and 7th
CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY.	
Fredonia, Tuesday and Wednesday,	" 17th and 18th
Westfield, Thursday and Friday,	" 19th and 20th
Sherman, Saturday and Sunday,	" 21st and 22d
Dewittville, Tuesday and Wednesday,	" 24th and 25th
Jamestown, Thursday and Friday,	" 26th and 27th
Busti, Saturday and Sunday,	" 28th and 29th
CATTARAUGUS COUNTY.	
Conewango, Tues. and Wednes.	" 31st and Sept. 1st
CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY.	
Ellington, Thursday and Friday,	September 2d and 3d
Cherry Creek, Saturday and Sunday	" 4th and 5th
ERIE COUNTY.	
Lodi, Tuesday and Wednesday,	" 7th and 8th
Boston, Thursday and Friday,	" 9th and 10th
Buffalo, Sunday,	" 12th

The above meetings will commence at 2 o'clock, and 7 o'clock, P. M.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
Farmington, 8 mo. 1847. *Gen. Agt. for N. Y.*

TOUR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AND JAMES N. BUFFUM,
Through the State of New-York.

These friends of the slave have kindly consented to spend a few weeks in this State on their way home from Ohio. I give this early notice of their intentions, that every individual may make arrangements to be at one or more of the Conventions which they will attend.

It is unnecessary to urge, or even earnestly invite any one to go. The bare announcement of the names of Garrison, Douglass, and Buffum, will secure an overwhelming audience anywhere in the Empire State. Unless prevented by sickness or accident, they will attend Conventions as follows:—at

BUFFALO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, September 14th and 15th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. on each day.

ROCHESTER.—On Thursday and Friday, September 16th and 17th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Thursday, and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Friday.

FARMINGTON.—On Sunday, September 19th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

CANANDAIGUA.—On Monday, September 20th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WATERLOO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, September 21st and 22d, commencing, on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday.

AUBURN.—On Thursday, September 23d, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

SYRACUSE.—On Friday, September 24th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WEST WINFIELD.—On Saturday and Sunday, September 25th and 26th, commencing on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Sunday.

LITTLE FALLS.—On Monday and Tuesday, September 27th and 28th, commencing on Monday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday.

ALBANY.—On Wednesday, September 29th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Several other distinguished speakers will be present at all the Conventions, and

CHARLES LENOX REMOND will be at Buffalo, Rochester, Farmington, and Canandaigua.

E. D. HUDSON and LEWIS HAYDEN will be at West Winfield and Little Falls.

Will the friends in the different places make early and ample arrangements, and let the notice be extended far and wide by handbills and otherwise, so that no individual shall miss the rare opportunity for want of notice.

Will the local papers please copy the foregoing notice, so far as their particular localities are concerned?

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent for the State of New-York
Farmington, 7th mo. 1847.

CIRCULAR.

TO THOSE IN RHODE ISLAND WHO LOVE LIBERTY.

Providence, June 8, 1847.

Dear Friends.—Taking courage from your past willingness and liberality to afford "aid and comfort" to those labouring for the oppressed, we solicit your contributions, for our next Annual Fair, to be holden in this city, on Wednesday, (Commencement day,) September 1st.

Bear with us a few moments, while we urge this matter upon your attention. Like all other contests, this war for freedom cannot be waged without funds. Every battle fought and victory won, must be accomplished at a great expense, both of strength and money. Each success is the cause of enlarged operations and increased outlays. That we have been blest with success must be evident to every one. How changed the public tone on the subject of Slavery! Its arrogant assumptions and impudent usurpations are not only *felt*, but plainly talked about. The *press*, emancipated from its wizard spell, *whispers* no longer. The rights of the *coloured* man, are acknowledged to be the rights of *man*. Yet new fields of labour open before us: new demands are made upon us for renewed self-denial and laborious exertion. *We must maintain the posts we have gained.* To do this, information must be diffused, and arguments must be elicited and urged home upon the consciences of both friend and foe. *Our action must be aggressive.* The battlements of oppression frown threateningly and defyingly upon us. A fair breach has not yet been made—yet massive blocks have been loosened from her base and an impression has evidently been made. Will you not then rally once more, that a ponderous and perhaps an effectual blow may be given—a blow that shall shake the grim old Bastile to the very centre of its foundations. If we shall do it, it will not be the *first* time that the throne of tyranny has been made to tremble upon its base by Rhode Island's children. We are few, but is not the spirit of our fathers still burning within us?

We have deserters from the enemy, whom it is necessary to assist. As the days roll on, this class is constantly increasing. Of course our means must be increased—or they suffer.

Friends, the matter is before you. What will you do? Will you do what you *can?* Will you give, *each one*, as much as the Government will wrest from you *this year* for the support of tyranny? Will you look upon three millions of your countrymen chained and bleeding—then upon your own free hands, and numberless privileges, and *then* decide by this rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;" and by this; "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them?" If so, blessed are ye. Do you ask—"What do you need?" We need everything, and will take anything that can be made serviceable. The greater the variety, and the greater the value of the contributions, so much the better. But let none refrain from giving because he or she has nothing of *value* to contribute. Whatever you have will be of *some* value. Let it come.

The farmer especially can assist us. The products of his soil are just the things we need and must have. How many will devote an acre to the slave?

Will not our factory girls send us ample testimonials that while their fingers have been busy with its products, their minds have been in the cotton-field—heard and felt its horrors. But we must not enumerate. Give, give, give,—if not for the slave's sake, for your own. Then when you have given your substance, be sure and give us your presence at the time that our hearts may all be glad together.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing Amarancy Paine, *Anti-Slavery Office*, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris,	*S. B. R. Thurber,*
Abby Burgess,	*Caroline Ashley,*
Mary Hathaway,	*Abby Thurber,*
Sarah R. Smith,	*Lucretia Francis,*
Mary R. Clarke,	*Elizabeth H. Brown,*
Amarancy Paine,	*Hannah B. S. Redway,*
Parthena P. Janes,	*Olive Taber,*
Mary Stewart.	

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B Shaw,*
Ann. T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Anna R. Philbrick,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Henrietta Sargent,*
Louisa Loring,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Mary Young,	*Eliza F. Meriam,*
Mary Willey,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Evelina S. A. Smith,*
Maria Lowell,	*Sarah H. Southwick,*
Frances Mary Robbins,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Lydia Parker,	*Harriet T. White,*
Harriet B. Hall,	*Abby Francis,*
Catharine Sargent,	*Abby Southwick,*
Harriet M. Jackson.	

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK.

Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave from Kentucky, and E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at the following towns and villages, in Columbia, Greene, Delaware, and Broome counties, as follows:

Hillsdale,	Columbia county,	Monday,	August 2d
Delhi,	"	Wednes. & Thurs.	" 25th & 26th
Hamden,	"	Friday	" 27th
Walton,	"	Saturday	" 28th
Deposite	"	Sunday & Monday	" 29th & 30th
Windsor,	Broome co.	Tuesday	" 31st
Conklin,	"	Wednesday,	Sept. 1st
Binghampton,		Thurs. & Friday,	" 2d & 3d.

The meetings will commence at half past seven o'clock, P. M. and at two o'clock, P. M. when desirable

Will the friends of the slave make all necessary arrangements in their respective and neighbouring towns to have the meetings well notified and attendance enjoined, and confer a favour on the cause of bleeding and imploring humanity.

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY.
General Agent of American Society for New-York

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved of by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of man, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things, Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humbugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You Come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, Are We Almost There, Blue Juniatta, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publisher
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway.
May 8, 1847.—1y. is.

FREE PRODUCE STORE,
Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

New goods, just received:
Fine shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown.
Satin stripe. Fine 6-4 plaid muslin.
Also, on hand, heavy muslins, of different widths.
Muslin de lain, and plain, neatly figured, all wool.
Linens, warranted free from cotton.
"Manchester" ginghams of superior quality, various styles.
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambrics and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Coloured table-cloths, in itations of linen.
Cotton hdkfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff.
Knitting cotton, various Nos. bleached, brown, and coloured.
Cotton laps and wadding, white and coloured. Also,
Refined loaf, crushed, and pulverized sugar.
Brown sugar, good quality, of different grades, by the barrel, bag, or pound, at reduced prices.
Sugar-house and West India molasses, good quality.
Rice, coffee, and chocolate.
Superior Teas, Selected with care, for family use or stores, viz: Oolong, Souchong, and other black teas, Also, green tea of superior quality.

Various spices and confectionary, &c. &c. The whole stock exclusively of free labor goods, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of country merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.

Pains will be taken to satisfy customers as to the goods being what they are sold for—the product of Free Labour. None should purchase without making careful inquiries.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
(Successor to Joel Fisher.)
North west corner Fifth and Cherry sts.
Philadelphia, 3d mo. 25th, 1847.—1y.*

Poetry.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

"Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine:
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

"Plod in thy cave, grey Anchorite;
Be wiser than thy peers:
Augment the range of human power
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise:
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days;
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run;
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

"Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair:
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed:
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

"And live there *now* such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thought untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER III.—[CONCLUDED.]

"And you," said Moses, haughtily, "you are the wise men, who would improve the world, while you degrade the nature of man with cruelty. All ought to be like you. You set yourselves up for patterns. You would make the blacks white, and transplant Europe in Domingo. O! my uncle is a great man, he is a god, and yet he will not succeed. His ambition is boundless, he is called the first of the blacks, he calls himself so. Who but he? And yet the craving of his soul is not yet satisfied."

"That craving is to raise his people to a consciousness of freedom," rejoined Vincent, "and to place them at last in the ranks of happy, civilized men."

Moses looked full upon him, and said: "Do you really believe that? Yes, Toussaint l'Ouverture is a sorcerer. No one escapes his power, we must all follow him."

Helen now appeared from the house, and invited their guests to partake of a simple repast. Moses wished to decline, and yet had not the strength to do it. The four were soon seated at a richly-set table, which offered indeed no costly luxuries, but the simplest fare deliciously prepared. The conversation which arose, was carried on with calmness on all sides, but all avoided any allusion to the past, and referred as little as possible to the present.—The lovely lady of the house found subjects enough to talk of in her domestic circumstances, and her present beneficent life. She told how often Aimé, Madame Toussaint, and her nieces, came hither, how they preferred these little parties, which were joined by only a few others, to all the pleasures of the Capital, how she herself was employed when Vincent was away. At these communications, Moses grew more and more silent. At last, he left it entirely to the others to carry on the conversation, and sate with downcast looks. Only from time to time, he raised his sparkling eye to Helen, filled with sudden delight, when she happened to say something that particularly pleased him. When he heard that Helen, in direct opposition to the custom of the Creoles, extended her jurisdiction over the kitchen, and when she playfully pointed to one of the dishes, as prepared by her own hands, fragrant cake of sweet potatoes, which Toussaint l'Ouverture always asked for, when he visited her, Moses could not help taking the remains of the dish that stood before him, although he had shown himself quite indifferent to its excellencies; but instantly, as if to conceal the emotions which almost overpowered him, he let it remain untouched, suddenly rose, drew out his watch, richly set with diamonds, and declared that he must take leave.

"One moment more, my dear friend," cried Helen, beseechingly. She hastened to a beautiful piano, seated herself, and sung a song that spoke of happiness, friendship, and return. Moses knew it well. When he conducted Helen into the mountains of Limbé, there stood in Toussaint's house an old instrument, upon which Master Bertrand used to treat the company to some of his strange dancing tunes, but when the white maiden sang her sweet songs, when her delicate fingers ran so easily over the heavy old keys, and drew from them melodies, such as he had never heard, he would often sit there for hours, motionless, and his wild heart was softened. When the moon spread out a glittering silver night-robe, and her light came down like a rain, which caused all the love in the human breast to spring and bloom, then the black would hide himself in the deep shadow of a recess, and gaze anxiously into the features of the delicate young girl, to read there, whether she was an angel, who would disappear with the moonbeam, or an earthly woman, before whom he should kneel and weep, until she raised him to herself. And now she sate, and again sung that favourite song of his, which had ever made him good and gentle. But ah! Hope was now dead. His eye rolled, as on the day of battle. It would have been a relief to him to have poured forth one wild death-cry, and riven his very heart, and shown her the bleeding wound, which even the son of the desert could not escape. He pressed his hand convulsively to his bosom, and scarcely had the last tone ceased, when, availing himself of the momentary repose of his spirit, he took a hasty leave.

Coldly, and with suppressed pain, he bade farewell. He had not learned the art of wearing a smile, when his mind was all in a tumult. Trembling with emotion, he raised her hand to his lips.—"Farewell, Madame," said he, almost roughly.—"Accept my thanks, but ah! this song has no charm for me. Moses knows little in this world, of happiness or friendship; they are delusions to which one must not resign himself."

Taking a brief leave of Vincent, he mounted his horse, and sprang through the valley with such haste, that Jumecourt could hardly get up with him, until the mountain road forced him to spare his panting beast.

"If we ride at this rate," said the Creole, when he had come up with him, "we are pretty sure of never reaching our journey's end. At the very first precipice, away go our necks."

"An end," said Moses, gloomily, "man always has."

"O! thou black philosopher," cried Jumecourt, laughing, "thy wisdom is as poor as a beggar's.—Death, you mean! why, it is so cheap here in this country, and you have degraded the trade so, that every wretched rogue takes a hand in it. How, General," he continued, as he observed the fearful look Moses threw upon him, and which recalled him to his recollection, "will you despair, because a woman does not love you? Leave that to the fools of civilization in Europe, here it is worth while to be a man, who can obtain what he will. I, *too*, have loved this beautiful serpent; me, *too*, has she deceived, and unforgotten burn the recollections of the slight which I suffered."

"You love her still," cried Moses, staring wildly at him.

"No," said Jumecourt, coolly, "I hate her."

Moses made a violent movement. "That is impossible," cried he. "Thou liest! I thought so too, but I cannot."

"Your heart is like a child's, who seizes at a sugar-plum, when its mother seeks to comfort it," replied the cunning Creole. "You have concluded a friendship with Citizen Vincent, and in consideration of the assurances of his esteem, have received some wise exhortations to a submissive obedience of your uncle."

Moses answered not directly, but suddenly he drew up his horse, and seized Jumecourt fiercely by the arm. "You are the first white," said he, "to whom my heart has been opened, the first are you, toward whom I feel drawn. Lie not, by your God, lie not! for Moses would have your blood, your false heart, even though you fled unto the clefts of the Ciboas."

"Let go my arm," said Jumecourt, with a smile, "you hurt me. What do you want of me?"

Moses slowly relaxed his grasp. "O! that he is allowed to be so happy. Why is my skin black, why is not my hair light, and my eye blue? God! where art Thou, Thou who hast doomed thy children to be despised and miserable? O! unjust, false God! Negro! cursed name: Slave! why am I a slave? Because I am a son of Africa. O, woe is me! What have I done to the Creator who should love us all? And I—and I—why do I suffer tortures, *while my brothers laugh?* Bow my head to the dust, God, like them; bow my proud thoughts, harden my soul; Mother of God! how willingly would I be a slave, but ah! I cannot. Moses' heart is a sea, full of wild waves, oh! my head, my poor head, it would gladly not think and feel, and it must; why am I wretched, and he so happy?"

"Because you dream, instead of acting," said Jumecourt. "This miserable adventurer has thwarted both of us. Be a man, then, and know what you will do. A woman mourns for death, and sheds floods of tears, a coward despairs, and man avenges himself, and commands his fortune."

"Tell me," cried Moses, vehemently. "Yes, that it was that I wanted to ask, tell me, can she ever love a black man, can she love me?"

Jumecourt looked sharply at him. "Love," returned he, with suppressed contempt, while he fed *himself upon the torments of the black*, "do you mean that she shall bestow favours upon her adorer after the fashion of the fair Creoles? That is dangerous for white ladies here, if he happens to be a black, for the coloured consequences cannot be legitimated, as is the fashion in Europe, and the age of miracles is over."

"Hush!" said the negro. "Your words are an insult to her I love, and to me. Think you, I am one of the low fools, whose thoughts run only in that way. Thief-like, to lie in the arms of a strange woman, until morning forces me to skulk away? I would live in her arms, she should belong to me, as she belongs to him. Her looks should be mine, her whole earthly existence—that you do not understand; I would be her soul, and she the sun of my days."

"In one word, then," said Jumecourt, "you ask, whether she ever can be your wife, and that she will be, when this Vincent is out of the way. Have you not told me, how she has often sat at your side, and in tender thankfulness called you her dear friend? You have saved her life. She must be no woman, not to know how much you have suffered, and do still suffer, for love of her. Her vanity is flattered, and whoever can raise the vanity of women into sympathy, he wins the day."

"But my skin is black," said Moses, gloomily.—"I am a negro."

"You are General Moses, a hero among your people, a soldier of freedom, an officer of the French Republic. You can lay treasures at her feet, heap her with riches and honours, and when she is alone in this strange land, who could better comfort and protect the beautiful widow, than her faithful friend Moses? Think it all over," he continued, in a whisper. "Cannot the day come when the shouting people shall say: 'Hail! to our deliverer; hail! to the brave Moses, who has delivered us from Slavery; Hail! to the Commander-in-Chief, or perhaps, even————"

"Hush!" cried Moses. "Speak not the word out. "Never shall my people call me by any other name than that of *a deliverer. My ancestors were Kings*, and, as the Priests say, for centuries the Arradas kissed the track of their feet. Praised be God forever that I am no King, but their blood rolls in my veins. I love freedom. I will protect it with my life. Ah! only to one being on this earth, must Moses be a slave, an humble slave, who would gladly kiss the track of her feet."

The Creole could with difficulty master the look of contempt which he cast upon the wretched black. "You were alone with her," returned he, at last.—"Why did you not awaken her tenderness, and show her how ardently and unhappily you have always continued to love her? A bold word does not indeed go so far with the women, as a bold deed, but nothing moves them more than the pain of a fierce, strong man. If a little lady can only fancy that she has changed the tiger into a lamb, and that she leads the lion with a silk thread, then is her whole fate in your hands. What cares she then for colour? Othello was a Moor, and he won the loveliest woman in Venice, in spite of all the delicate white striplings. Go to her, and say, The first of my people, I sink at thy feet! and you have her before you think. Look at your old uncle. Fifty years, and a tolerable degree of ugliness, does not hinder the most beautiful women from crowding around him. The Montbar, or de Borel, as she is called, has certainly got the mastery, and will at last maintain the field, and what stories does one hear about the General, how he knows how to receive these lovely beggars, and how many perfumed billet-doux he receives—the miserable old slave," murmured he to himself.

Moses had become still more sullen, and his hand was involuntarily clenched. "It may be," said he, that they lie, but all that is certain increases my contempt. He, a hero of his people, an old man almost, he, to become an enamoured adventurer! The white women have no shame, and that ambitious Creole woman will bring trouble into his house. But patience, his plans ripen, but Moses is awake, too, and when the hour comes, many a one will open his eyes."

A camp became visible in the distance, and several officers were riding hastily up and down. As they drew nearer, the sharp eye of Moses saw that the Commander-in-Chief, with his suite, was there. The high waving plume of a swift rider, who rode far in advance of the rest, stopping at one moment to give orders, and then hastening towards another part of the field, was not to be mistaken. With increased ill-humour, Moses exclaimed: "There he is, all ready to give me a new lecture. By the Mother of God, I can scarcely bear it much longer."

"Will you, like a fool, let yourself be torn in pieces by the tiger, a mere stick in his hand?" said Jumecourt, reining up his horse. "Go, then; will you be a man, then hear my last word. Take care of your tongue, if you wish to keep it in your head, that is the saying of a wise man, but take care, also, of your actions. They must be guided only by the utmost prudence, so only does one conquer dangers. Your uncle is a lion, who will annihilate you with one blow, if the cunning huntsman does not make sure, and suddenly clip his claws. His distrust is as great as his prudence. You are already suspected by him, he knows your spirit, and your discontent; a single act of imprudence, and you are lost. How has Toussaint l'Ouverture become first? How has he succeeded in humbling all his enemies? By cunning and dissimulation! He was shrewder than they all, and whoever will frustrate his schemes, whoever will step into his shoes, must be shrewder than he."

Moses listened thoughtfully to this long piece of advice from his friend, who now suddenly adopted the style of a lover of freedom, and suggested with eagerness everything that could render the aims of the Commander-in-Chief suspicious. "It is not yet time," said Jumecourt. "There are many, it is true, who fear his ambition, but the great mass is wholly with him. Let the English first be driven away, let him triumph completely, let him," he continued, in a whisper, "set the crown of Haiti on his head."

"That day," cried Moses, raising his hand fiercely, as if for a blow, "should be the day of his death."

"We shall see what comes," said Jumecourt, with a smile, "but the mightier, and the prouder he grows, so much larger will be the number of his foes. Slowly the seed ripens, and slowly, also, must the good deed ripen. Promise me to be prudent, obedient, and wise."

"You are right," cried Moses. "As he has deceived me, I will deceive him. He has often said to me: 'Learn to tame thy passions, learn to rule thy thoughts. By the great God! he shall not complain.'"

They rode on; their alliance was concluded.

CHAPTER IV.

Sudden orders from the Commander-in-Chief had summoned Vincent to the Cape the next day, and he scarcely had time to conduct Helen, in accordance with her own wish, to the Plantation Breda, there, with the l'Ouverture family, to spend the period of his absence. By the special preference of Toussaint, Breda had become the residence of his family, and his vanity secretly celebrated a triumph in the thought that this place, which had witnessed his lowest degradation, now received him as its master. The large, rich plantation was a model of cultivation, but Breda was also a strong place of retreat. The suggestion, once made by Moses, that this place might easily be fortified, had been acted on by the General. On the heights around, fortifications had been raised, between which, the valley of the plantation lay the light, handsome dwellings resembling an island, around which flowed waves of white and green.

Here dwelt Toussaint's family, surrounded by all the splendour, that gold and honour could furnish, He had furnished this seat with every European luxury, and nothing was too rare or too costly to adorn its rooms. Bronze and marble statutes, costly clocks and paintings, curious works of art were there arranged. The nieces of Toussaint, several of whom showed an uncommon talent for drawing, especially Madam Vernet, and a number of others, sought to embellish the simple mode of life from which *the wife of the Commander-in-Chief could* not separate herself. With motherly care and love she endeavoured to spread peace and joy around, and therefore she was honoured by every one as a guardian spirit. Vincent had seen them all,—the proud Aimé, who still retained her bold, martial spirit, and regarded Toussaint as a deity, Charles Belair, who loved her more passionately than ever, and accounted himself happy, Chancey, a young nephew, just then seeking to win his spurs as an Adjutant of his uncle, the brave Pierre l'Ouverture, the youngest of Toussaint's brothers, who was soon to find his death, the good sisters of the General, his pious mother, and the whole family, who were here, so numerous, united. All had received Vincent as a dear friend.

He knew that Helen, whatever his own fate might be, would here find love and safety, and this certainly diminished the disquiet with which he was beset. The events of the day, the political combinations, and the forebodings of his future, conspired to disturb him much. For the first time, a passion was gnawing at his heart, which he had never before known. Jealousy, that death-watch of love, was striking its low knell there, although he, as a free-thinking man, who laughs at ghosts, and yet secretly trembles before them, sought to make himself merry by numberless arguments against his own fears. He had seen Helen's eyes filled with tears, when Moses rushed away like a frantic man, and this beautiful sympathy with the sufferings of an unfortunate rival had been no welcome sight to him. Not to be disguised was it that Moses loved her with a violence, bordering on frenzy, which he could not possibly conceal, and now it appeared to Vincent that Helen had manifested a sympathy too deep and *too tender, to have the effect of discouraging* such a passion in the black. Years had passed in which Moses had kept himself moodily aloof, what evil spirit brought him now into their vicinity, and what consequences might not a frequent meeting have? She was sad the whole day, and Vincent saw what moved her as she sate and played all her old half-forgotten songs. Ill humour and hot love alternated in him like sunshine and rain, but accustomed to command himself, cool and prudent, he kept his thoughts to himself, his look only was more lofty, his eye more bright. Long did he gaze upon her in silence, then giving her a kiss, he went as usual about his daily affairs; when he returned, he found a courier from the Commander-in-Chief, who brought him letters, and certainly no very welcome commissions.—He laboured the whole day; the intelligence he received was so exciting and so weighty, that he forgot his own troubles. Only when he saw Helen again, it flashed upon him that he must be separated from her, and his whole heart was melted within him, as she, weeping with love and pain, threw her arms around him. He thought no more of Moses, but with all the ardour of his youthful love, he covered her lips with kisses, and a thousand fond names, a thousand oaths and entreaties requited her sorrow. Often had he expressed himself somewhat harshly at her anxious disposition, but now this only made him happy, and almost to the last moment they had been together did he enjoy this happiness which received only one little interruption from a conversation at Breda. The family were speaking of Moses, whom Vincent had studiously avoided mentioning, and in many ways was the impetuous youth found fault with by his relatives, only Helen defended him. Vincent was walking up and down among the orange-trees with Madame Toussaint, but when he approached the awning under which the talkers were seated, he could hear, how energetically Helen took the part of Moses. He fancied he could see an unusual fire in her eyes as she praised his bravery, his intelligence, and, with all the violence of his character, his noble qualities, his magnanimity, and his humanity. A gloomy shade fell upon his soul, and he hardly heard the gentle woman at his side, who spoke of her love for her absent husband, sending him a thousand messages, and begging the Colonel to assure him that she knew only one joy upon earth, the joy of belonging to him and possessing his love. The gentle complaints she uttered about her loneliness were connected with the humble expression of her full belief that it could not be otherwise, and this touching love and goodness was mingled with the tenderest cares for her husband's weal. Vincent felt painfully that he could almost worship her, when he thought how, perhaps, at this very moment, the Commander-in-Chief might be seeking a very different happiness in the society of de Borel, and the requests of the good woman to tell Toussaint how finely his dear little St. Jean was growing, sounded to him like a melancholy warning. Of the ambitious schemes of the General, his wife knew nothing. To her contented heart all was too great and too strange, the respect which was paid her, oppressed her, and with a holy joy she spoke of the time, when it would be permitted to Toussaint to transfer to others hands the cares of Government, and when, as a good house-father, he might till his field, and in wise rest rejoice in his labour.

When, in the solitude of his carriage, Vincent drew near to the Cape, and thought over all he had lived through, and looked to the future, a considerable portion of his secret trouble gradually vanished. Never had his wife seemed more tender than at parting, and the idea of doubting her affection rose before him as a crime against faith and love.—"Horrible dream," cried he, "how foolishly hast thou tormented me. There is no nobler, no purer heart on this earth; and that poor, wild youth, does he not deserve her sympathy and her tears?" As this shadow died away, the more darkly arose another. Toussaint had imposed duties upon him which touched him deeply, and threatened violence to his conscience. Cordially as he was devoted to Toussaint, and closely as he had connected himself with him, his republican distrust had been awakened, and a foreboding anxiety whispered to him that the crisis would soon come, that a day of disappointment was approaching which made him tremble. It occurred to him that Toussaint had become of late somewhat cool towards him, that instead of the friend of the Commander-in-Chief, he was becoming more and more his servant, the blind tool of a concealed plan, and that at every step which the ambitious black rose, he was growing more unwilling to listen to the truths, which Vincent, with his strict principles, would not keep back. Many had lately won Toussaint's favour, who, as Vincent thought, had corrupted his great qualities by their suppleness and readiness to fall in with his views.—Pascal and the Italian Abbé Marliani, men of talent, but studiously subservient. A throng of flatterers of all colours, of men who knew no will but his, a huge armed force, a whole people even, that offered him only their adoring admiration. What temptations for a man who declared himself the son of fortune, who was applauded as the first of mortals, whose power knew no bounds.

In his disquiet, Vincent drew out the General's letter, gazed at its contents, and then crushed it together. "If it be so," cried he, "then cursed be the hand that helped him; and then, my Helen, yes, then let us away from this bloody Island, and in the quiet of a cottage, forget all dreams of human greatness and virtue."

Occupied with such reflections, he arrived at the Cape, and after a few minutes rest, went to the Agent of the Republic.

General Hedouville received the ambassador of his antagonist with a politeness so cordial that it must have caused him, as a Statesman, to be suspected of some secret views. Friendly reproaches were mingled with delicate flattery, and complaints with protestations of his esteem, and of the gratitude of the mother-country.

"I come, General," said Vincent, interupting this introductory speech, "as a messenger of peace and joy. The Commander-in-Chief, yesterday, signed the capitulation of the Mole St. Nicholas."

Hedouville nodded assent, and said, smiling: "I know it, you tell me nothing new. I know, also, that he has given the English all the immense military stores, heaped up there. You are a Frenchman, Colonel Vincent; you will feel as I have felt at that *concession*."

Vincent undertook to vindicate the proceedings of the Commander-in-Chief with all possible skill, and the conversation became lively and heated. Vincent insisted upon the vast importance of obtaining possession of that impregnable fortress, and upon the smallness of the sacrifice by which the foreign foe were forever removed from Domingo.

"The foreign foe," cried the General. "Yes, by Heaven! you use the right word, but only so much the stronger will the enemy here at home become. Citizen Vincent, I pity you. Most heartily do I pity every intelligent man, and true Frenchman, who, in the full belief of doing what is right and best, gives himself up to delusions which he will repent when it is too late."

"General," replied Vincent, with dignity, "pardon my freedom; but you undertake to judge in a case in which you yourself are a party. I know the Island. For six years past, I have shared in all that has taken place here, and have lived through all these revolutions."

"And you have often borne a pretty active part in many of them," said Hedouville, with a significant smile.

"Because, in that you state the fact," cried Vincent, "you believe, also, that I have erred in judgment. The great man, who, called by his genius, has placed himself at the head of events, is the only man than can close this volcano. Who, but he, could have reconciled parties? Who control the untame African spirit? Who could have protected the lives and property of the whites,—who loves talent, knowledge, art, even like him? This Island contains more than a million black citizens; what can the little body of the Creoles,—what the mulattoes even do against them A negro must seize the reins, if this sad war was to have an end, and well for us is it that it happens to be a hero, who commands admiration, and a wise man, who loves virtue and justice, and unites with bravery, rare prudence and wonderful art in commanding men's hearts; well for us, in short, that it is a Citizen, a Frenchman, a Republican, who loves France as a mother.

"But as a son, come of age, he troubles himself little about the command of this good mother," said the General. "Your account of the matter, my dear Colonel, is a *corroboration of the rumours of the* plan, which one cannot alas! but ascribe to the Commander-in-Chief. Do you know what I mean? O! I see very well that you understand me," he continued. "The glow upon that martial countenance shows that you are a good citizen. You need not speak, what we both think. Heaven grant that we are mistaken, Heaven hear my prayer!"

"No," cried Vincent, excited, "it is a shameful charge against a man who is as pure as the sun.—Only one great aim is the moving power of his life. He wishes to see his people free and happy; he wishes to deliver them from barbarism, and ——— yes, truly, he would be the first man of this free people, which he was born to be. Why disturb these noble plans,—why hinder a noble spirit in its creations?"

"That is," said the General, "why does the Di*rectory send men here to keep company with this* defiant power. Why come La Veaux, Santonax, and the Commissaries, whom he, one after the other, circumvents, and drives away?"

"Yes, General," replied Vincent, boldly, "you speak out what I have ventured to think. Why have they not sufficient confidence there in France, in this powerful spirit. They fear his ambition; but ah! they think not how they have kindled it into a flame. They send men here, who are to ensnare and chain the lion; but who that is powerful enough to *do this, does not, if he is wise, see that it is at his* own peril?"

Hedouville drew himself up, and surveyed the Colonel with an angry and unequivocal expression. "Enough, Sir," cried he. "You intimate, plainly enough, that I also am superfluous here. I am the Agent-General of the Directory, appointed by the supreme authority of our common country to settle the relations of this Island, but alas! I am everywhere met with contradiction, insubordination, and resistance. Citizen Vincent, it is not without a meaning that I say, that you, and many others, will repent your delusion. Our country demands obedience and submission, and she finds here everywhere defiance, and secret criminal purposes."

"State them, General," said Vincent, proudly.—"It is given out that Toussaint l'Ouverture is about to conclude a secret alliance with our enemies, the English. No shame is felt in *imputing* the most disgraceful crimes to the man, who has protected the French for years, and preserved the Island to France. They spread the fable of a negro kingdom, and a royal crown, and do not consider how they defame the many brave soldiers and men who surround him, and who are, for the most part, true Frenchmen and republicans. Whence arise these calumnies, from what quarter come these secret imputations, the insolent nonsense of certain young heroes of the tongue who would carry *the hooded Ape to Paris, and show him there* for money? Toussaint l'Ouverture is too magnanimous not to despise such bravadoes, but they show him what views are entertained, and compel him to be cautious. He will go his way, for the weal of his country; all good citizens will be on his side, so long as he contends for freedom, and certain it is, General, all attempts to obstruct the progress of this people will be wrecked on his determination."

"I should be pleased," said Hedouville, "to hear all that you are directed to say. I am mistaken, if *after this discourse, you have not yet something more* to say."

"My commission is ended," replied Vincent.—"What I have to add, is only the assurance that the Commander-in-Chief, impressed by the disadvantages to the general interests of your presence on this Island, has preferred to lay his affairs, himself, before the Directory, and to *render* to that alone, an account of his proceedings."

"And so," cried the General, angrily, "he requests me, as he did La Veaux and Santonax, before me, to quit this Island, and to return to those who sent me."

"I am not directed to make this request," said the Colonel, "but if my private opinion can assist you, General, I beg leave to state my belief, that your retirement from this soil, where the presence of so talented and influential a man can only be taken advantage of by discontented individuals, to sow mischief, would be advantageous for yourself, as well as for the good of the Republic."

(To be Continued.)

EFFECTS OF LOCAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN PRODUCING CHANGES.

On the other hand, there are proofs of considerable alterations having been produced in external features of races by peculiar local circumstances. The descendants of the English settlers in the American States display a considerable variation, in general form and aspect, from the parent nation. The children of European settlers in New South Wales are tall, thin, and weaker than their progenitors. *In the West Indies*, some distinct new peculiarities of structure have been observed in the descendants of English settlers. Their cheek bones are higher, and their eyes deeper set in the head, than those of the English nation generally. In these respects, they approximate to the form of the aboriginal races of the American continent and islands; and it has been pointed out that such a form is useful in protecting the eye-sight from the glare of the tropical sun. The Creoles have also cooler skins, and are keener of sight, and more supple in the joints, than the English. It has been remarked of the descendants of Africans in the United States, that, after three or four generations, their features lose much of the native African cast, and approximate to those of the white people, the mouth becoming smaller, the eyes lively and sparkling, the nose higher in the ridge, and the hair considerably longer and less crisp.

Analogous circumstances are observed among the lower animals. For example, the woolly sheep, brought into a tropical climate loses its fleece, and retains only a thin coat of hair. The hogs of Cuba, all of which are descended from a European stock, are twice as large as modern European hogs. The horses which run wild in Paraguay, though all descended from variegated European races, are now of one peculiar colour, which we cannot doubt is the effect of some peculiar local circumstances.

Dr. Prichard says—"On considering these and analagous phenomena, we can hardly avoid, concluding that the variations of animals proceed according to certain laws, by which the structure is adapted to the necessity of local circumstances." If such be the case, it must be held as a circumstance favourable to the supposition that all the races are *sprung from one stock*. The variations might, in that case, be regarded as altogether produced by local circumstances operating during a long course of time.

It is certain that the negro skin, and, indeed the whole negro constitution, are better adapted for a tropical climate than those of the white man. It is also true that intertropical countries all around the globe are inhabited by black races, excepting only those in tropical America, which are so much elevated as to enjoy a temperate climate. We here see much reason for believing that the negro is a being adapted, in a special manner, to live in a high temperature; and this seems the more likely, when we consider that blacks, on settling in Northern latitudes, become the victims of several severe ailments which seem to forbid that they should ever multiply in such countries. Blacks, indeed, and whites, appear to be respectively adapted to tropical and to temperate latitudes; and their attempts to interchange their proper situations are not in general attended with good effects, although, as we have seen, there is reason to believe that nature makes an effort, to a certain extent, to accommodate them to the changed circumstances.

From the Non-Slaveholder.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF ANTHONY BENEZET.

Through the kindness of an esteemed friend, we are put in possession of an original letter of Anthony Benezet, and make no apology for giving our readers a copy of it:

PHILADA ye 14th 6th mo. 1758.

DEAR FRIEND:

The acct. of a number of Indians having past the Delaware, was yesterday confirmed by a letter dated *fort Allen, wrote by Charles Thompson*; so that we may expect to hear of the Destruction of numbers of our Back Inhabitants which is very afflicting to a sympathizing mind, and naturally leads, with deep concern, to consider the neglect which so much prevails amongst your politicians, with respect to Indian Affairs. Your declaration of war against the Indians is still in force, which joined to the mutinous and wrathful dispositions of your back inhabitants, may occasion their being guilty of some rash and cruel Act. Should they endeavour to destroy the people and settlement, now making, at Wioming, of which I am not without fear, the consequences might be dreadful both to your Province and this.

When I was last at Easton I was told by french Margaret that the Minisink Indians had done the most mischief and I understood were the most *averse to peace with* ye English, which has since been confirmed to me by ye chief amongst ye Moravians, and indeed, I believe, those people have been greatly abused both by your and our back Inhabitants, in several respects, more especially in ye settlement of their lands, for which, I doubt they have received little or no consideration. I cannot find that they had any representative, nor that and inquiry was [made] on your behalf when your Commissioners met the Indians at Crosswicks this spring, tho' I apprehend them to be the greatest number and most able to do mischief than any other Indians which yr Provce is concerned with. They have been mistakenly looked upon as a Branch of ye Delawares, and so have not been particularly considered in ye sale of Land, and yet I believe received no part of the ye consideration from ye Delawares; for I see by ye treatize that they were looked upon by ye Delawares as a separate nation under their own king. I understand Charles Read proposes to get your Indian Commissioners to meet next second day at Trentown *to consider what is* expedient to be done; if some of the Burlington Friends were present, I am apt to think there would be more likelihood of matters being effectually looked into. Certainly time calls for a strict inquiry into ye situation of your Indians in General, more especially ye Minisink Indians. The Proclamation of war being still in force, is also a material point to be considered as well that all possible care be taken to prevent your back Inhabitants from taking any inconsiderate step which may continue and increase ye enmity between us and the Indians. I remain in haste but with affectionate love to you all, thy Frd.,

ANTHONY BENEZET.

For John Smith, at Burlington.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

Altogether the most interesting case of somnambulism on record, is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative to which, from the immediate communication of an Archbishop of Bordeaux, is given under the head of "Somnambulism," in the French Encyclopedia. This young ecclesiastic, when the Archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition the Archbishop betook himself several nights to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations: The young man used to rise, to take paper and to write. Before he wrote music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness. Or when he had written the words too wide he altered them. The notes that were to be black he filled in after he had completed the whole. After completing a sermon he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other; on one occasion he had to substitute the word "adorable" for "divine," but he did not omit to alter the preceding "ce" into "cet," by adding the letter "t" with exact precision to the word first written. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the Archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. He took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of aniseed cake that he had sought for, he ate approvingly; but when, on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spat it out without observation.

The following instance of the dependence of his perceptions upon, or rather their subordination to, his preconceived ideas is truly wonderful. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his paper when he was writing, he knew it, if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the first sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly the same size with the former, he appeared not to be aware of the change. And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper as fluently as when the manuscript lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections, introduce his amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place on the blank sheet which it would have occupied on the written page.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

REMAINS OF O'CONNELL.—On Sunday evening last, the remains of the above celebrated personage, arrived in London. On Monday evening they were received in Chester, *per railway*, and deposited in the Roman Catholic Chapel. The body is embalmed and placed in a shell of walnut wood, which is enclosed in a leaden coffin. This again has an outside cover of walnut wood, covered with crimson Genoa silk velvet, and ornamented with gilt nails in panels, having eight very massive handles, and a variety of appropriate gilt ornaments: the inverted torch, and other emblems of mortality and eternity. The plate is of silver gilt, with a border of frosted silver, and bears the following inscription, neatly executed by Mr. John Lowe, of this city:

(Translation.)

"DANIEL O'CONNELL, Liberator of Ireland, *journeying to the* house of the Apostles on the 15th of May, in the year 1847, fell asleep in the Lord at Genoa, aged 73 years. Let him rest in peace."

Obsequies of O'Connell—Preparation for the Funeral Ceremonies in Marlborough street.—The arrangements now in progress for the fitting celebration of the last ceremonies over the remains of O'Connell are of the most magnificent description.—The Metropolitan Church, Marlborough street, is being clothed from floor to ceiling with sable drapery. The pillars surrounding the nave are covered with black cloth—the arches between the pillars are to be festooned with the same material—the *windows are to be partially darkened* by a lighter description of black drapery. The entire of the church interiorly, will be clad in solemn mourning, except the white marble altar, which will be left uncovered, with its marble seraphim on either side, and its appropriate ornaments, in full contrast to the dark panoply covering the walls and *pillars*. The catafalque, on which will rest the remains of the Liberator, has been designed and finished in the most superiour manner. It consists of a *dais*, elevated on four steps, covered with fine black cloth, from which spring four pillars supporting a canopy surmounted by a plain cross at either end. Upon the *dais*, and between the pillars, is placed the *platform, shaped after the model of a Grecian altar*, the mouldings being imitated by puffed trimmings; the pillars are decorated by spiral wreaths of black bombazine trimming. The canopy, which is of most tasteful design, supports a magnificent fall of curtained drapery, looped with rich black cordage and tassels. To each pillar is attached a splendid *ormolu* chandelier, so arranged that the light from each will fall within the canopy, and directly on the coffin.—To each side, at each end of the *dais*, will be affixed escutcheons of white satin, bearing in black letters, inscriptions similar to those displayed on the occasion of the ceremonial at the Basilica, in Rome. The catafalque, when placed in the church, will occupy the centre of the choir, midway between the high altar and the lower end of the nave, where will be placed the seats of the Archbishop and the prelates assisting at the holy office. Immediately in front are the desk and seats for the leader of the choir, and at either side, ten deep forms will be placed for the clergy from all parts of Ireland, England, and the Continent, many of whom have already arrived in Dublin, anxious to be present at the last sad rite of the Catholic Church over the mortal remains of the Liberator of her altars, and eager to mingle their prayers with those of the Irish people for the eternal repose of him whose life was a succession of sacrifices for the faith and liberty of his country, and whose death was worthy of his *noble* career, and is but the beginning of his immortality.

Dublin Evening Freeman.

On Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, the body arrived at Birkenhead by a special train from Chester, and it was immediately after embarked on board the City of Dublin Company's steamer, the Duchess *of Kent, Captain Jones, then lying in the* Birkenhead Dock. The coffin was deposited on the quarter-deck, under a spacious awning covered with black cloth, and surmounted with black plumes. It bore a brass plate, containing the inscription, a cross, and the arms of the deceased. Six wax-lights, three on each side, were kept constantly burning before it on deck; and immense crowds of the public of Liverpool and Birkenhead, were permitted on board in groups during the whole of the afternoon, for the purpose of paying their last respects to the lamented deceased. The carriage in which Mr. O'Connell travelled on the continent was also on deck. The steamer, with the remains of the Liberator on board, sailed for Dublin yesterday morning at three o'clock, and was expected to arrive about one. Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun. was a passenger on board. The funeral obsequies will take place in the Church of the Conception, every part of which will be hung with black, and it is expected that 1,500 ecclesiastics will assist at the last rites.

ENGLAND AND THE POPE.—The sooner we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much to say to eight millions of our subjects, the better! Can anything be so childish and absurd as a horror of communicating with the Pope, and all the hobgoblins we have imagined of premunires and outlawries for this contraband trade in piety! Our ancestors (strange to say wiser than ourselves) have left us to do as we please; and the sooner Government do, what they *can* do legally, the better. A thousand opportunities of doing good in Irish affairs have been lost, from our having no avowed and dignified agent at the court of Rome. If it depended upon me, I would send the Duke of Devonshire there to-morrow with nine chaplains and several tons of Protestant theology. I have no love of Popery; but the Pope is, at all events, better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot, I dare say, is made in Long Acre. We pay £10,000 a-year to our ambassador at Constantinople, and are startled at the idea of communicating *diplomatically* with Rome, deeming the Sulton a better Christian than the Pope!—*Sidney Smith.*

LE VERRIER.—A correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, writing from Cambridge, describes the outward man of an eminent foreigner. "Presently arrived another gentleman whose advent occasioned some interest. On the arm of the powerful-looking old Bishop of Norwich appeared a fresh-coloured young man, dressed somewhat *à la Francaise*—to wit, narrow coat collar, full skirts, and trousers slightly plaited at the waist. You would not take this jolly-looking young gentleman for a profound mathematician and astronomer: on the contrary, he appears just one of the lions you would expect to find playing a match at billiards in a gilded *cafe* on the Boulevards, or, with deference be it spoken, clasping the waist of *la Reine Pomare*, at the Chateau Rouge. Irreverent suppositions! Honour to science! there goes M. le Verrier, the discoverer of the planet—the owner if priority of claim gives ownership, to all the lands, titles, and domains of 'Neptune.'"

Workmen are extending the wires of the Electric Telegraph Company from the South-Western Railway wires in the Waterloo-road to the London-Bridge Railway terminus.

DEATH OF WORDSWORTH'S DAUGHTER.—Ms. Quillinan, only daughter of the venerable Poet Wordsworth, expired at Rydal Mount, the poet's residence, at one o'clock, on Friday week, after many weeks' suffering from pulmonary consumption.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

CYRUS M. BURLEIGH, Plainfield, Ct
CHARLES ATKINSON, Marion, Grant co. Ia
J. MILLER M'KIM, Philadelphia, Pa
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R I
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co. N Y
THOMAS MCCLINTOCK, Waterloo,
SLOCOMB HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Cayuga co N
L. STONE, Oberlin, Ohio,
ROBERT F. WALCUTT, Boston, Mass
JESSE HOLMES, New Lisbon, Columbiana co. Ohio
K. G. THOMAS, Marlborough, Stark co. Ohio
ISAAC LEWIS, Short Creek, Harrison co. Ohio
E. D. HUDSON, Springfield, Mass
JAMES A. BURR, Ludlowville, N. Y.
ROBERT C. MARSHALL, Hiram, Porage county,
VALENTINE NICHOLSON, Harveysburg, Warren county,
WILLIAM CRONK, Buffalo, N Y
GEORGE W. EASTON, Bridgewater, Mass,
DAVID K. COOK, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county N.
WILLIAM R. BLISS, Worcester, Mass.
A. H. BIGELOW, Concord, Mass,
L. G. THOMAS, West Winfield, N. Y.